JOHN BULL, MARCH 12, 1932

TWOPENCE
Vol. LI.
1343.

YOUR DEARER LOAF By Rt. Hon. C. ADDISON On Page 9

JOHN BULL

RECIPE.

3 oz. Shredded 'ATORA'
6 oz. Flour. Pinch of Salt.
Flat teaspoonful Baking Powder.

Mix the flour, baking powder, salt and Suet with cold water to a stiff paste. Roll out thin, and spread over with jam, marmalade, or golden syrup. Roll over pinch top and bottom edges together. Dip pudding cloth in boiling water flour it, and wrap round pudding, tie ends with string. Steam for 2 hours.

Sufficient for 4 to 6 persons.

Jam Roly-Poly!

The children simply love it, and father, with a shy grin, asks for more. The jam and the tender good beef suet crust mingle their delightful flavours in one harmonious whole.

Hugon's

'ATORA'

The Good BEEF SUET

With a packet of this good Beef Suet you have the foundation for an infinite variety of dishes, that are at once appetising and satisfying, and that provide the greatest nourishment.

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441

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This Powerful British Made Three Valve Radio Receiver for **10/-** down

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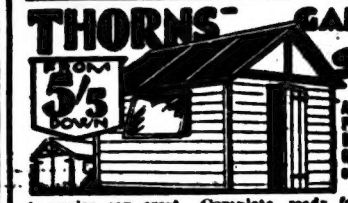

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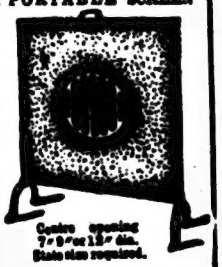

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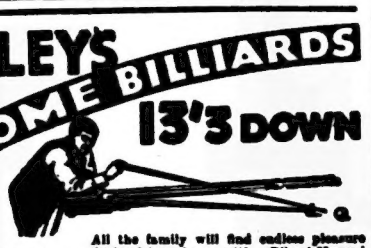

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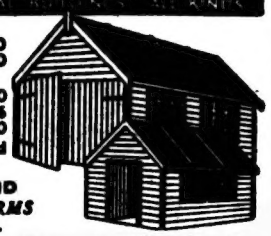

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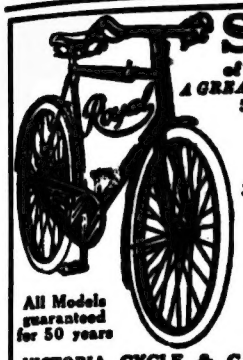

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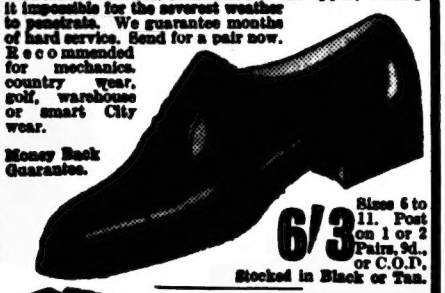

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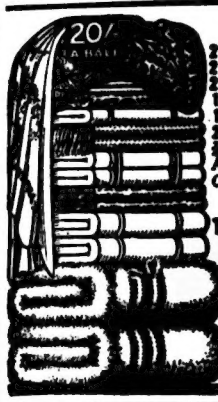

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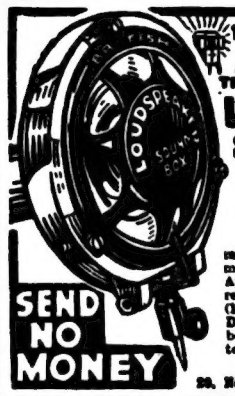

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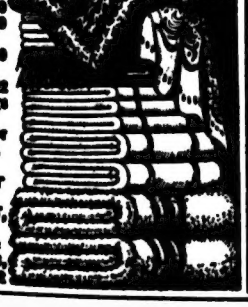

Complete bargain	SALE.
2 Woolly Blankets	90 x 60
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2 Pillow Slips	30 x 18
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2 Turkish Towels	
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BRITISH MADE, complete with Cossor Valves, Batteries, etc., for instant use. It does not pay you to attempt to build your own set when you can get such marvellous value as this. Send Coupon NOW for Illustrations and full particulars.

10/- DOWN & 10/- MONTHLY.

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NAME .....

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Eight new 10-inch tunes and 200 needles given free.

Carriage Paid U.K., or **7/3** SECURES *with 7/3 monthly for 11 months.*

Model 53—OAK finished Cabinet, 35 ins. high, with new AUTO-STOP powerful Garrard Motor, Fullotone Junior Sound-box, Metal Amplifier, etc., and record compartment. Gives mighty volume and lifelike purity.

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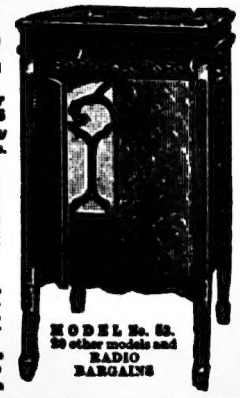

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Your final

MUST-BE-WON

£20,000

FOR ONLY 6D

THIS positively is your last opportunity, as a reader of "John Bull," to secure the world's record prize of £20,000 or £25,000 for 6d. **No further entry forms will appear in this paper. It is but a matter of hours before this contest closes.**

Now—without further delay — make up your mind to enter. Before the next issue of this paper is in your hands someone will have sent in an entry that will win £20,000 or £25,000—a million sixpences for one. It might be you!

All that you have to do is to select the best 12 from the list of 28 Hospital Slogans which appear on each Entry Form. Put 12 crosses against the 12 slogans you choose in each entry column you complete. You do not have to put the slogans in any order of merit.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

The closing date for the great "Help-the-Hospitals" Contest is Saturday, March 12th, but in order to make every allowance for postal delays, and to make reasonable provision for competitors living in outlying areas, all entries for this contest which arrive not later than first post on

Thursday, March 17,

will be accepted.

Use your judgment and skill and it may be to *your* door that the telegram announcing the winner will arrive!

Every penny of profit in this contest, which is organised by the British Charities Association, goes to the hospitals, and every penny of the prize money is guaranteed by the 'Daily Herald.'

If your entry is already in, send another—and another. On the right you will find two Entry Forms—each providing room for five entries. Increase your opportunities of winning while there is yet time, and get your family to enter, too.

Reach for your pen, mark your entries, and post at once. It's now or never for £20,000 or £25,000!

GREAT HELP - THE - HOSPITALS CONTEST

CLOSING MARCH 12

opportunity

Great "Daily Herald" Help-the-Hospitals Contest

Organised by The British Charities Association
Chairman: Lord Luke.
1st Prize—£20,000
£5,000 extra if winner is a Registered Reader of the "Daily Herald."
2nd Prize—£250 : 3rd Prize—£100

Choose the best Twelve of the 28 Hospital Slogans by placing a X against those selected, in the blank spaces provided below. Each column represents one sixpenny entry. **INSERT TWELVE CROSSES ONLY IN EACH COLUMN YOU COMPLETE —OR YOU WILL BE DISQUALIFIED.** No order of merit required. Ink must be used.

Help the Hospitals!	One Entry 6d. ↓	Two Entries 1/- ↓	Three Entries 1/6 ↓	Four Entries 2/- ↓	Five Entries 2/6 ↓
1 —To pity is human—to give, divine.					
2 —A little down helps someone up.					
3 —Our first aid needs your aid first.					
4 —There's a welcome in Hospital for any "Mite" of yours.					
5 —They're a National Credit—their support a National Debt.					
6 —A cot—means a lot—to some tot!					
7 —Better to give than receive—Hospital Treatment.					
8 —To someone it may mean—"Your money or my life."					
9 —They deserve our praise and preserve our days.					
10 —Give a Helping Hand to Helping Hands.					
11 —"L.S.D." means Lives Saved Daily.					
12 —Give well to make well.					
13 —Coins cannot calculate but every copper counts.					
14 —They need more help to help more.					
15 —They put you on your feet—give them a hand.					
16 —A good prescription—your subscription.					
17 —If Health is Wealth, Hospitals are the Mint.					
18 —We need your help—you may need ours.					
19 —We cannot say "come in" unless we have an income					
20 —Lives are in our hands—our lives are in yours!					
21 —The key to the Hospital problem is—in your pocket!					
22 —Your little bit may make somebody fit.					
23 —Your "present" may decide someone's future.					
24 —The health of each is the concern of all.					
25 —Give and let live.					
26 —Someone will thank you—for Life!					
27 —We're building health—be a brick and help.					
28 —Patients have Faith—doctors, Hope—have you Charity?					

You can use this form for one or more entries, but must send entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each attempt.

Insert twelve crosses only in each column you complete. No order of merit required.

I agree to abide by the Rules and enclose

P.O. Number.....value.....covering.....entries.

P.O. is crossed /& Co./ and is made payable to the British Charities Association.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

(Block Letters) .....

(Please write clearly in ink. Place three-halfpenny stamp on your envelope.) J.B.8.

—Cut Along Here—

Address Entries: (Dept.J.B.8.) British Charities Association, 103, Kingsway, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

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RULES AND CONDITIONS

(1) Entry Form must be filled in as directed in ordinary ink and must not be mutilated or altered. **TWELVE CROSSES ONLY** must be written in the blank spaces provided in any one column used.

(2) Spaces for up to five entries have been provided on each form, and the Subscription for the competition is sixpence per entry. Postage stamps cannot be accepted in payment of the entry money. Entries may only be made on printed forms provided.

(3) In the case of a competitor sending in insufficient money to cover all the entries made by him, the Association will treat such number of his entries as would be covered by the entry money received as proper entries in the Competition, the remaining entries being disqualified. The entries eligible to be selected will be from No. 1 upwards to the total of the entry fee paid.

(4) Entrants must write their name and usual address on each Entry Form and all completed Entry Forms must be neatly cut out and sent by the competitor to British Charities Association, 103, Kingsway, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

(5) After the close of the Competition the list of 28 slogans will be submitted to a Committee of eminent Hospital Authorities and Publicity Experts who will decide the best Twelve. The competitor whose twelve selections in any one entry column agree or most nearly agree with the decision of this Committee will be awarded the first prize; the next nearest will receive the second prize and so on. The entries will be checked under the supervision of Messrs. Hugh Macrae & Co., Chartered Accountants, London.

(6) In the event of a tie or ties, the prizes will be divided. If the first prize is divided the additional prize of £5,000 will be similarly divided and only such shares of the additional £5,000 paid to the prize-winners as are won by registered readers of the "Daily Herald." No entrant can win more than one prize or one share of any prize.

(7) The British Charities Association reserves the right to disqualify any entrant for reasons which the Council considers good and sufficient, and the decision of the Council of the Association upon any point whatsoever shall be accepted as final and legally binding. The Association takes no responsibility for any entry form lost, delayed, not delivered or misdirected and no correspondence will be entered into.

(8) Employees of the British Charities Association, the "Daily Herald," and its associated Companies and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

(9) The closing date is March 12th, but competitors are requested to send in their entries as early as possible. The names of the prize-winners will be published in the "Daily Herald" on a day to be announced and every prize-winner will be individually notified.

(10) Failure to comply with any of the rules involves disqualification.

ORGANISED BY THE BRITISH CHARITIES ASSOCIATION

MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL:

Lord Luke (Chairman). The Duke of Atholl. The Marquess of Northampton. The Earl of Macclesfield. Lord Ebbisham. Sir George Roberts, Bt. Sir Harold Wernher. Sir Gerald Du Maurier. The Hon. I. St. J. Lawson Johnston.

ALL PROFITS TO THE HOSPITALS!

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SNAP IT!
SNAP IT!

Kodak

made 'PORTRAIT' camera

Value at least 15/-

WITH 'DOUBLE-LENS'
for taking *Real* 'CLOSE-UPS'
as well as 'LONG-SHOTS'

free

FOR SMOKING 30 PACKETS
of twenty Black Cat
Red-Band (=150 COUPONS)

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Made in Great Britain by Kodak Ltd., it is daylight loading, takes Kodak roll film No. 120 (3¼ x 2¼ size snaps) and is fitted for time and instantaneous exposures. There are two view-finders and excellent 'CLOSE-UPS' can be taken by simply depressing a lever.

Only a quality gift is good enough for a quality cigarette—fill in the coupon for the New 'All-British' Black Cat Gift Book and a 'start-off' of 5 free coupons.

Black Cat coupons are worth more to-day than ever before!

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100% PURE VIRGINIA 'QUALITY'

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Please send me NEW all-British Black Cat Free Gift Book and a 'start-off' of 5 free coupons

Name_____

Address_____

Address to
Black Cat 'Gifts Dept.' 8,
Arcadia Works, Hampstead Road., London, N.W.1

DON'T FORGET! CLASSIC £4.4.0 RADIO for 1250 Coupons. Send for NEW 'All-British' GIFT BOOK!

"John Bull" 12/3/32.

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY,

for Week ending Saturday, March 12, 1932.
Two cents. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.*
93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.
Telegrams: Hebdomally, London.

Without Fear or Favour

He must keep them out, for——

We Don't Want a DISASTER!

WE have no wish to alarm the vast public who attend football matches, but a note of warning must be sounded before it is too late.

And that warning is this:

It is imperative that action should be taken, and taken now, against the growing peril to life and limb which lurks in the dangerous overcrowding at cup-tie and other matches that attract the great crowds.

We don't want a disaster. But one there surely will be unless the responsible authorities take immediate steps to prevent it. Those authorities are the Football Association and the police. Let them be warned in time.

The big Soccer contests draw more tremendous crowds to-day than ever before, and sooner or later a grandstand, overweighted by its human cargo, will crash. It has happened before. With the "gates" of the present dimensions it will certainly happen.

CUP-TIE CROWDS: *Grave Warning*

Nobody wants another tragedy like that at Ibrox Park, when twenty-six people were killed and more than one hundred and twenty injured in the collapse of a stand during the England-Scotland International at Glasgow in 1902.

There have been innumerable "scares" since. And the luck that has averted terrible consequences will not continue.

Warnings we have had in plenty. Only the other day at Huddersfield, where the home team met the Arsenal in an English cup-tie, one hundred and fifty spectators had to be treated by ambulance men because of the crush. It was little short of a miracle that there was no fatality, for 12,000 more people were admitted than had ever been on the ground before.

On another less recent occasion a fence on the Charlton ground collapsed during a cup-tie, and dozens of children who were in the front row were trodden on by a struggling mass of humanity. They escaped with minor injuries. Luck again!

And at Stamford Bridge last season, when Chelsea met Birmingham, scores of unconscious men and women were passed over the heads of the packed masses to the ambulance men.

So densely were the spectators sandwiched together that these men and women, who had fainted through semi-suffocation, could not have reached the ambulance men in any other way.

Gambling in lives

OFFICIALS concerned with grounds which are invaded by thousands and thousands for whom there is no room seem to be gambling on luck. For nothing else has from time to time prevented terrible tragedies.

We vividly remember the wild scenes, of which the King was a witness, at the first English Cup Final played a few years ago at the Wembley Stadium, when the turnstiles were rushed by thousands of disappointed "fans."

On that occasion traditional British calm and coolness, together with good humour, prevailed when the playing-pitch at the time of the kick-off, was a seething mass of the many thousands who had climbed the barriers. Had it not been a day of wonderful sunshine, tempers might not have remained so sweet, and there might have been a more tragic tale to tell.

True, the Council of the Football Association took that experience to heart, and those scenes have never been repeated—at Wembley.

But the Council cannot escape responsibility or blame for what is frequently happening to-day all over the country when crack teams meet.

It is at the big English cup-ties where most of the perilous overcrowding takes place, and this competition is the governing body's own little property. Yet, all it does is to agree to double charges as a preventative of disaster.

Can it not foresee what would happen if the swaying scores and scores of thousands on the terraces and stands were to be swept off their feet. Hundreds, nay thousands, would be involved and numerous fatalities and serious injuries be inevitable.

Why should such wanton risks be taken?

Plans of and alterations to football-grounds have to be passed by public authorities, just as in the case of a shop, a hotel or a dwelling-house. We suppose the holding capacity, presumably assuring comfort to all, is included in the specifications.

The more the deadlier

CLUB directors and managers must know how many people, to a hundred or so, can safely be packed in their grounds. If they don't know, they ought to.

The police, as guardians of the public, have full powers to say when the gates shall be closed. That is as it should be. But we very much question if they ever know the number of people inside a ground which is rapidly being overcrowded, say, half an hour before the kick-off.

It seems to us that the official view is "the more the merrier," and apparently the police hesitate before intervening, for fear of being accused of officiousness.

Yet, while football-grounds can be packed almost to the suffocation point, when the seats are full at theatres and kinemas and a certain number are standing the "House Full" boards have to go up.

Were theatre managers allowed to utilise their space to the extent football ones are, the takings of a successful production would be increased 20 per cent.!

We warn the Football Association that the only way in which a disaster can be much longer delayed is for the gates of the ground to be shut at the moment the police receive proper information of "Ground Full."

It's no use for men with megaphones, and a few constables inside the track, to attempt to pack vast throngs on the terraces, regardless of the danger it entails.

The crowds laugh at the megaphone men—when they are not blatantly rude to them. And the handful of policemen inside the rails—having had the luck to "click" in the police rostrum for such a nice job—often give the impression that they are there primarily to watch the game.

We do not hesitate to denounce the admission double-charge policy.

The people who get to a match early must be considered first, not fleeced of another shilling. They cannot help the handicap of those who do not leave their work in time to secure a share of the few inches of space sold for a shilling.

On their heads—

THE argument that they might well afford two shillings convinces no one. After all, hundreds of thousands of people would like to see the Derby, but they don't go about moaning because they cannot get to Epsom by three o'clock.

The Football Association, as the chief authority responsible, must end its futile double-charge expedient. It must face the facts.

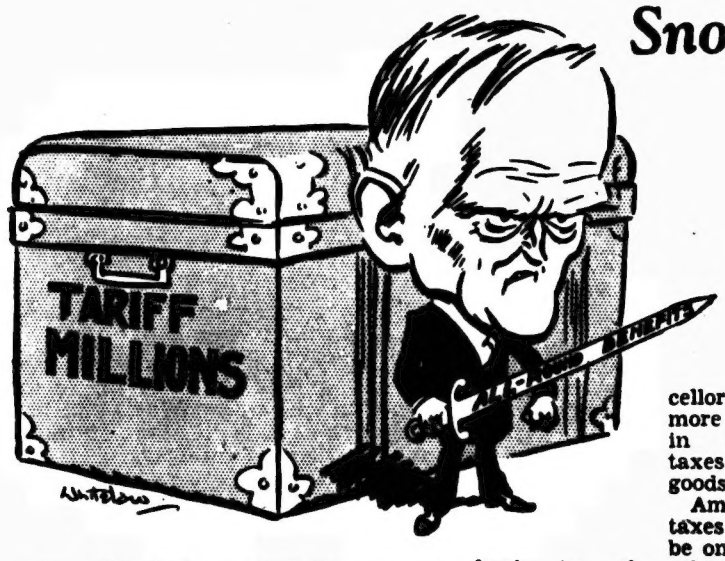
The facts are that it is courting another disaster. And if that happens—as it inevitably will unless adequate steps on the lines we suggest are taken to prevent it—the public will know who to blame.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . . .

Derby "Sweep" Ticket Smugglers Win

Snowden as Wage Champion

English Sunday to Go?



Lord Snowden guards the gold chest

OUR Customs authorities, one of whose duties is to keep out of this country Irish Free State sweepstake tickets, are being completely outwitted.

The secret organisation which smuggles into Britain consignments of millions of tickets is beating them every time.

While the Revenue detectives were still trying to trace the methods by which the tickets for the Grand National lottery next week were imported, a great *coup* was effected, from Ireland under their noses a few days ago.

The tickets for the Derby "sweep" in June were safely delivered in London!

Snowden's stand

Lord Snowden's declaration that some of the Tariff revenue millions should be used to reduce the economy wage and "dole" cuts made last autumn, as well as to lower income-tax, has created fresh Cabinet tension.

The right-wing Ministers, led by Mr. Neville Chamberlain, are all for giving the maximum relief to taxpayers. They don't care whether Lord Snowden and his Liberal supporters quit the Cabinet if they don't agree.

He won't budge

Other Ministers, led by Mr. Baldwin with the Premier's support, insist that Lord Snowden and the Liberals must be kept in the Government at all costs—at least, until the Imperial and Reparations Conferences are over.

If Lord Snowden would regard a penny off the beer-tax as meeting his demand for a reduction of indirect taxation, the problem would be easily solved. But he won't.

Holding J. H.'s hand

Mr. J. H. Thomas has had a setback.

He won't get all the limelight at the Imperial Conference at Ottawa in July. The Tories suggest that, as his last Canadian tour failed, someone should hold his hand at the forthcoming meeting.

So, though he will lead the British delegation, he will not actually be the "big noise."

Sunday dog-racing

Is Sunday dog-racing and prize-fighting coming?

Many M.P.s are trying to get these sports included in the new Kinema Bill which the Home Secretary will introduce shortly.

But this proposal is bound to be fiercely contested by the supporters of the English Sabbath, and it is doubtful whether it will go through.

Tax on Tea?

The new Budget is being prepared in that big room at the Treasury with the great Chippendale table and chairs worth over £50,000. Despite talk to the contrary, it seems certain that the Chancellor expects to get more than £30,000,000 in Revenue from taxes on foreign goods in a full year.

Among additional taxes will probably be one on tea, but on foreign tea only. This will give a preference to India, which much needs it.

Winston's scar

Mr. Winston Churchill will return from New York with a U.S. halo because he refused to prosecute the taxi-driver who ran over him, and, instead, invited him to tea and made him a present.

This has made him very popular in America because to his dying day he will bear the mark of the cut he received on his forehead.

Turn of the tide

In six months Britain's financial tangle has been almost completely unravelled. No wonder other countries are amazed!

We have paid back more than half the credits obtained from France and the United States before they were due, the £ is firm again, and more business is being done on the Stock Exchange than for a long time past.

Who said Britain was in a bad way?

War's derelicts

Warmongers should reflect on the figures collected by Mr. McGovern, M.P.

At the end of last year there were 6,300 ex-Service men still confined in mental hospitals; 34,500 others lost an arm or leg, or both arms or both legs, and nearly a thousand are totally blind.

And relatives still mourn—though they may never know why—287 men shot by their own comrades after sentence by courts-martial.

Sooner the better

We are glad that the Chancellor of the Exchequer will soon begin the conversion of 5 per cent. War Loan for which Lord Snowden made preparations last year.

This enormous block of public debt costs the taxpayer £100,000,000 a year in interest. By cutting down the rate of interest Mr. Chamberlain hopes to save at least £15,000,000 a year. The little less and how much it is!

Will "Dora" die?

A storm is brewing between "wets" and "drys."

Working-men's clubs are in revolt against the restrictions imposed during the War, and a Bill is being drafted to free them from the laws governing public-houses.

At the same time temperance bodies are preparing a Bill to give the police unrestricted entry into these clubs and bringing them under the complete control of magistrates.

Wrong tactics

Owing to the high-handed methods of the Ministry of Mines, a colliery belonging to Birchgrove Collieries, of Swansea, has been closed and 230 men thrown out of work.

The company found it impossible to pay the welfare dues promptly, and a sheriff was installed in the mine, which had to close.

The welfare scheme is an excellent one, but it must not be allowed to result in further unemployment.

Child beggars

Small children, crying with cold, are allowed to stand barefooted in Belfast streets and beg until late at night on the pretence of selling shamrock.

Belfast people are always generous to the helpless, but this is a gross abuse of their charity and a cruel exploitation of children.

He didn't hesitate

Railway directors may be slow, but not railwaymen.

Within three minutes of a woman falling in front of a train at Hope, Derbyshire, Porter Matthew Hadfield had rendered first aid and sent for two doctors and the police. Then he pulled up a fast train within a hundred yards of where she was lying.

How the poor live

Ten people in a Dudley house pay 11s. 3d. rent, though their total income is only £1 17s.

When a West Bromwich man committed suicide, it was revealed that four people had lived on just over thirty shillings a week, of which £1 was provided by old-age pensions.

Such poverty is a slur on our vaunted civilisation.

It should pass

We are glad that a Bill has been introduced into Parliament to provide for the slaughter of animals by a mechanical instrument instead of the barbarous pole-axe.

England lags behind Scotland in this respect, for the Bill has been in force there for three years.

Useless gold

Despite the great gold rush, a Plymouth man of eighty-five refuses to part with his eight hundred hoarded sovereigns.

Nearly fifty years ago, following a dream, he backed a Derby horse at sixteen to one. His winnings have remained safely hidden ever since.

What a pity his dream didn't teach him the use of money!

Stop the waste!

Oxford and Cambridge Universities each receive £500 a year from the State for the loss of the privilege of printing almanacs.

In Scotland, the Warder of Regalia gets £173, and His Majesty's Historiographer £166.

We have often drawn attention to even larger ancient pensions which are now unearned. Will they never be stopped?

Himself to blame

Careless factory-owners should learn a lesson from the terrible death of a Crewe brickworks proprietor, who was killed by his own machinery.

He had been warned by a factory inspector to fence the machine. Ignoring the order, he compelled his workers to run the risk of death, but eventually paid the tragic penalty himself.

The price of beauty

A woman's face seems to be of little value in Walsall.

A man who assaulted a young married woman so badly that her lip had to have six stitches put in it has been bound over and ordered to pay four shillings costs.

Walsall wants more women on its Bench.

When in doubt—

Many women whose husbands were insured under the Health Insurance Scheme and who died before January 4, 1926, don't know that they are entitled to pensions at the age of 55.

Every week's delay in applying means a loss of pension. Those in doubt should seek the advice of our Pensions Expert.

To let—rent free

A large weaving mill will be let free of rent and capital charges by the Darwen Industrial Co-operative Society to anyone willing to run it.

Though it has been closed for two years, its 1,100 looms have been kept in perfect repair by the Society, which holds the mortgage rights.

There have been some grouches against the "Co-ops"—this is the other side to the question.

More transfers coming

Many Northern and Scottish football clubs are so poor that there is likely to be a record number of transfers of players to more prosperous clubs.

Unless large transfer fees are obtained several First League clubs in the provinces will be faced with bankruptcy. Look out for big changes!

Landlords don't care

Many people living in comfortable houses are receiving rents from filthy hovels, declares the Mayor of Coventry. He wonders how they can sleep knowing their living is provided by those forced to dwell in such terrible conditions.

Other people—not only in Coventry—are also wondering.

Hux or hoax?

Some readers have been pestered by circulars by the Hux National Advertising Service of Stockton, California, U.S.A., asking them to apply for positions in big new factories to be started in England.

The nature of the goods to be made is not divulged, but they are asked to send three shillings and the names of twenty friends.

Let them ignore such communications.

Danger defied

We salute the bravery of Mr. Robert Cole, who was lowered into a gas-filled mine in the Forest of Dean which had not been worked for twenty years.

When he was drawn to the surface, after locating the body of a missing man, he was suffering from the effects of the foul air. Happily his pluck did not have a more serious result.

Leave it alone!

Payment of a shilling an hour is "guaranteed" for addressing envelopes for J. W. Allen and Co., of Gray's Inn Road, London, who require, however, a deposit of 3s. 6d. and offer to supply a pen for a further half-crown.

Readers should treat such offers with the greatest caution.

Ex-soldiers' reward

Many Scottish ex-Service men are completely destitute owing to unemployment. The Earl Haig Fund for Glasgow and the West of Scotland receives eight hundred applications for assistance every week, and if all deserving cases were helped the Fund would be exhausted in a few days.

No wonder we hear nothing of the "land fit for heroes" now!

THE GREAT BREAD MYSTERY SOLVED—

WHEN the LOAF will GO UP

A ha'penny more for the loaf means one slice less for them

by the Rt. Hon. CHRISTOPHER ADDISON,

Ex-Minister of Agriculture

WILL the Wheat Bill make bread any dearer, and, if so, when and how much? These are questions that matter to every breadwinner and to every housewife with a family budget to balance.

They matter most of all in the poorest homes, because the less money people have the more the cost of bread is important.

They economise first on extras—on meat, and sometimes, unfortunately, on the children's milk—but they cannot do without bread, which accordingly becomes more and more the biggest item in the weekly food account.

I have never yet met anyone who wished to buy their bread at the price of the starvation of the agricultural labourer and the producer of wheat. But, apart from that, they are anxious not to pay any more than is justly required.

So it is to be hoped that the discussions on the Wheat Bill will throw much-needed light on what happens at present in regard to bread prices.

It all depends—

THIS Bill will begin to affect the price of flour when the wheat grown at home during the present year begins to find its way on to the market and into the mills during the month of August.

The Minister will make an Order on the subject as soon as possible after August 1, but he may assume that an "intelligent" anticipation will govern prices from the beginning of the month at least.

The extent to which the price of bread will be affected depends not only upon the price of home-grown wheat, but on the price of imported wheat in the open market, because the prices will be blended. But present prices will serve for the purposes of explanation on the assumption that the Bill passes into law in its present form.

For the next three years home-grown wheat fit for milling will have a standard price of 45s. per quarter if the price of imported wheat continues to be below that figure. At the end of last month English wheat was about 27s., so that the premium required to make the price up to 45s. would be 18s. per quarter.

At the same time the price of the best quality, hard, imported wheat was about 32s. per quarter. As the price of imported wheat rises, the premium on home-grown wheat becomes less, because the prices are nearer together; and the reverse is the case.

The two kinds of wheat need not be mixed in the mill, but the price of flour will depend on the blend of the two prices, and the greater the *proportion* of the costlier home-grown wheat, the higher the flour prices, and *vice-versa*.

During recent years the proportion of home-grown wheat ground in the mills has been rather less than 15 per cent. of the year's supply, and the wheat expected from the acreage of the present year, even if there is a good harvest, will probably not equal that amount.

The Bill, however, allows the proportion to be increased up to what will roughly amount to about 18 per cent. of our annual supplies, so that the quantity grown next year will probably be increased.

Hands in the flour-bag

A FIGURE easy to remember as regards bread prices, which will be useful as a guide, is that if 15 per cent. of home-grown wheat were used and it carried a premium of 15s. per quarter, and if the whole of this extra cost—no more, no less—were represented in bread prices, it would mean an increase of a farthing on the quartern loaf.

With this figure before us, and remembering that the premium at present is about 18s. per quarter on wheat, what is likely to happen under the Bill?

To find an answer to this we should look more closely at the Bill and at the circumstances.

Inferior home-grown wheat will be sold at ordinary prices and only that which is of millable quality will fetch the increased price, so that all the pressure will be to get as much as possible classified as "millable." So far as this succeeds it will stiffen flour prices.

The costs of administration and of the Wheat Commission that is to be set up are required to come out of the money available to pay the premium, but there will be a disposition to add to the price of flour the cost of a number of other "trimmings."

Against this, however, there ought to be very considerable economies obtainable from the improved organisation of marketing, milling and other operations.

Where's the miracle?

BUT will these economies be obtained; and, if so, will they be passed on to the buyer of bread? More important still—are there any arrangements to secure that after the flour stage is reached the buyer of bread will be safeguarded?

In these respects the machinery of the Bill is of vital importance.

The body that will control operations will be the Wheat Commission, consisting of fourteen persons—a chairman and a vice-chairman, four representing the growers, three the millers, one the importers of flour, two the dealers in home-grown wheat and two the consumers.

The reader may look at this list and ask of the consumers' representatives, as the disciples did of the small fishes, "What are they among so many?"

There will also be a Flour Millers' Corporation to deal with technical operations.

For all practical purposes the Minister will have no power to act, save through these bodies, and the decisions and advice of the Wheat Commission will determine how the scheme will affect the price of flour.

Apart from the small representation of consumers on what is really a combination of the interests concerned, the commission *has no power* over bread prices or, indeed, apparently over what is to be charged for flour.

Ha'penny on

IN these circumstances we may confidently expect that the whole of the premiums on home-grown wheat, and something in addition, will enter into flour prices.

We do not split farthings in purchases; and since the premium, apart from other costs, will exceed a farthing per loaf, we may say that *if the Wheat Bill were in operation to-day it would add a halfpenny to the cost of the quartern loaf.*

An increase of a halfpenny per loaf increases the annual bread bill by about £5,000,000 a year. If the home grower produces 15 per cent. of our wheat and obtains a premium of 15s. per quarter he will receive £3,750,000.

This amount, however, could not be fully realised, as there would be expenses to deduct; but on present prospects the bread buyers will pay £1,250,000 more than will be allotted for the growers, and this amount will be absorbed by the intermediate trades unless something more is done.

The baker's slice

THE baking trade, according to present practice, will obtain the lion's share of this amount, because the increase in the margin between wheat and flour prices, now and before the war, is relatively small, whilst the increase in the difference between flour and bread prices is very great.

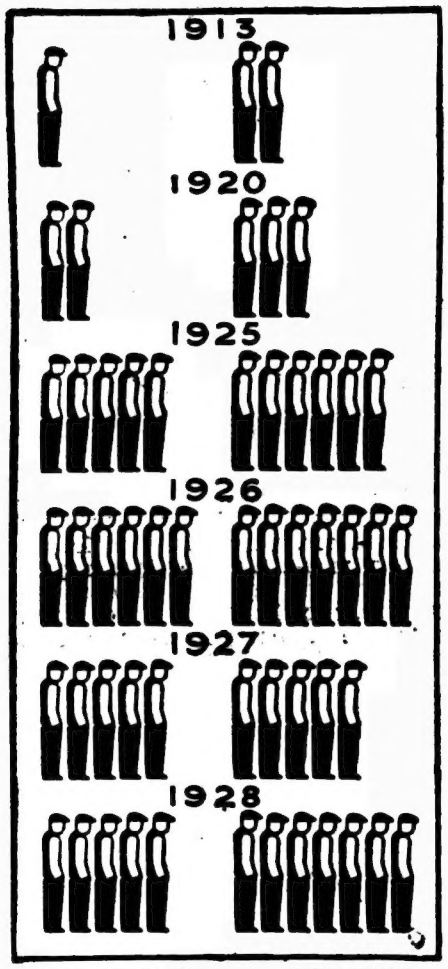
About eighteen months ago an enquiry showed that there were substantial differences in bread prices between different towns, often it was as much as a penny per loaf, and sometimes more between neighbouring towns.

Taking the average over the whole country, it appeared that, with flour from the mill at the same price, the 4 lb. loaf costs 2d. more than it did pre-war—*or about £20,000,000 a year to the bread buyers!*

The costs of baking and distribution have admittedly increased, but whatever we allow for them it is evident that this is the place where safeguards in the consumers' interests might be most effective.

If an independent commission were given power over this matter it might be that a premium of 15s. per quarter on home-grown wheat might be absorbed without any increase in bread prices.

Without it, as wheat prices and the Wheat Bill are at present, an increase of a halfpenny on the 4 lb. loaf is the least we may expect.



GT. BRITAIN GERMANY

UNEMPLOYMENT

A comparison in the world's greatest problem as seen by Dr. Neurath. (Each figure represents 250,000 workless men.)

Figuring Out—

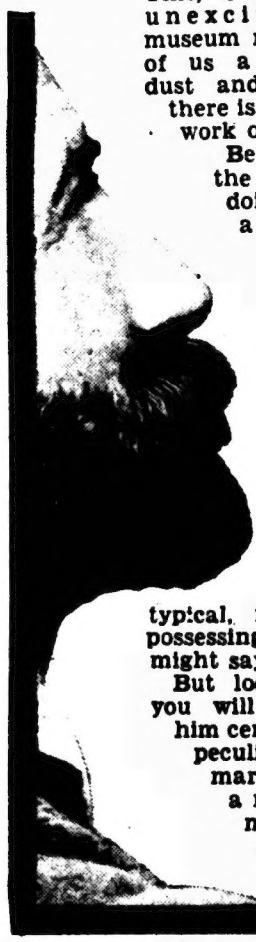
Look and Grow Wise with the Man who may Change the World with a Picture Book, says—

Gerald Barry

THERE is a man working in Vienna to-day who may do more to change the economic systems of the world with statistics, a slide-rule and a picture book, than all your revolutionaries with their machine-guns and Marxian text-books put together.

Who is he, and what does he do?

His name is Dr. Otto Neurath, and he is Director of the Social Economic Museum in Vienna. This, it is true, sounds unexciting, for a museum means to most of us a repository of dust and decay. But there is no dust on the work of Dr. Neurath.



Before we pass to the work he is doing let us take a look at the man. Picture to yourself a middle-aged man, very large and pale. His hair is clipped short, his head is bald on top, flat behind, and his neck at the back folds over the rim of his collar — a typical, not very prepossessing Teuton, you might say.

But look again, and you will notice about him certain simple but peculiar traits that mark him out as a man of uncommon individuality. He looks too big for his clothes—the clothes, you observe, inor. of a working man than of a professor—and much too big for the chair he sits in. He sits with one leg wound round the other, rather like an enormous child, rather like an uncouth bird.

He has eyes like a bird's, too, that close upwards from below, when at intervals he blinks solemnly.

Most of all, watch him as he stands on the platform, lecturing. This is the time to take his full measure.

See him trace diagrams in the air with those articulate hands and fingers, note with what surprising clearness they illustrate his argument, building up pictures before your eyes out of nothing, to be swept back again into nothing with a gesture—figures wiped off a mental blackboard.

Making digits live

Plainly, this man's mind works in pictures.

Notice, too, how his face lights with excited enthusiasm and wreathes with humour—watch these things, and you will know you are in the presence of someone of unusual power and personality.

This is no dreary professor; this is a man bursting with life and humanity. In his orderly, strictly constitutional manner, this man might work a revolution.

* * *

What Dr. Neurath and his colleagues are doing is this: They are taking dreary statistics — social, economic, financial, historical—statistics which most people will not read or cannot understand, and transforming them into coloured charts and pictures which even the simplest can grasp, not to say enjoy.

They call it the "Vienna Method of Pictorial Statistics."

This sounds a mild enough achievement, but it is the kind of invention that may have a profound effect upon the world.

The red revolutionary seeks to correct the balance of the world with bombs and hatred; the Viennese statistician, at his desk in the Social Economic Museum, seeks to correct it with diagrams and understanding.

Nothing in the world is more shattering than a little common-sense. Given patience, the appeal to reason can be far more devastating than a stream of machine-gun bullets.

World's stethoscope

It is just this method of appealing to the common-sense of the common man that Dr. Neurath and his associates have invented. Each day they are bringing fresh colour and imagination into the science of economics; they are breathing new life into the bones of Blue Books.

Some of these Pictorial Statistics are illustrated in black and white on these pages, with simple explanations below them.

What is the Vienna Method about, and why has it such important potentialities?

Most of us are agreed that at the present time the world is economically out of joint. Almost all countries are sharing in a financial and industrial slump of unprecedented severity. It is more than a slump, it borders on collapse. Over the causes of it the experts themselves disagree, while the man in the street is lost. Anything that will help to make the causes clear must thus be of great value.

What has perhaps done as much as anything else to get us into a mess has been the attempt of each nation to achieve economic self-sufficiency, in a world that is all the time growing more and more economically inter-dependent. But even where the facts *are* known, they lie hidden from all eyes except the experts in the undecipherable statistics of Blue Books and Government reports.

Now Dr. Neurath has hit upon a plan for making such things intelligible and interesting to everybody. It needs someone to place the causes of our discontents vividly before our eyes, in a form we can all understand, for the peoples of the world to comprehend the nature of the problems with which their Governments are wrestling.

What are these problems? It is Dr. Neurath's belief that one at least of them is this scramble on the part of nations to become wholly self-supporting.

In the scramble they develop industries that may be unsuited to their internal conditions. These they attempt to bolster up by higher and higher tariff walls.

Some may try to hold up a mirror to Nature—but Dr. Neurath holds up a yardstick to mankind

Instead of the supply of goods being rationed to suit the world's requirements, each nation produces in water-tight compartments, irrespective of the world's total needs. If we could plan world production to fit world consumption, we should be half-way to solving our problems.

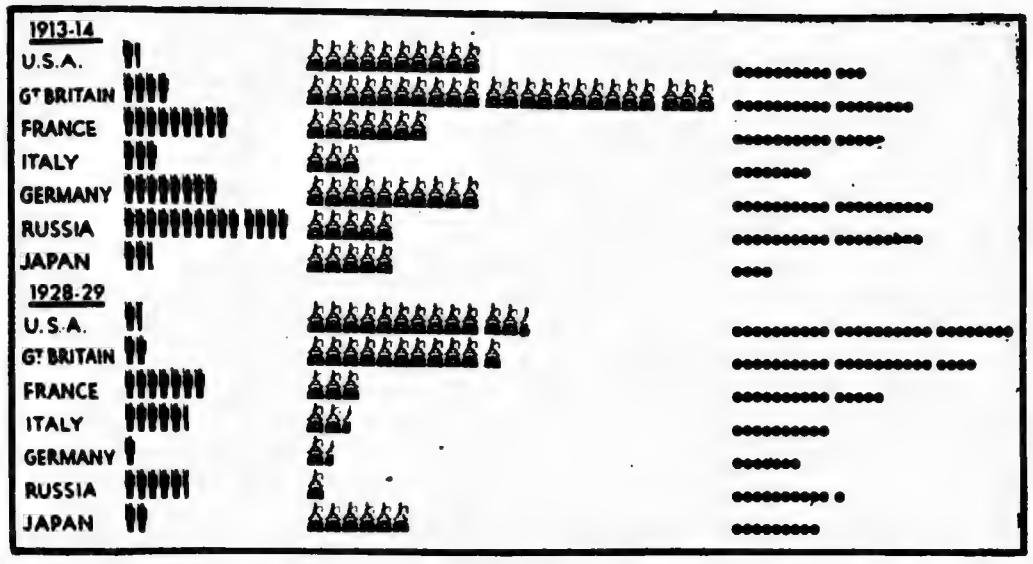
How much more sensible, then, Dr. Neurath argues, that each nation should seek to organise its production, not as a self-contained unit, but as part of a world whole.

It is manifestly ridiculous that the oil producer in Texas should be restricting his output of oil, that the Brazilian coffee-planter should be burning up his coffee crop, that the American cotton farmer should be talking of ploughing-in half his cotton harvest, when there are vast populations in other corners of the globe who are cold and hungry for lack of fuel, food, or clothing.

The world is not over-producing but under-consuming, and it is not doing either in accordance with any plan.

If the nations now struggling to be

—OUR LIVES



ARMAMENTS: *Before the War—and After*

[Each figure equals 100,000 men; each ship equals 100,000 tons; each disc equals £5,000,000 per annum spent on armaments]

self-supporting in desperate competition with one another would only realise this, they might cease erecting barriers against international trade, and seek, instead, to stimulate the production of such goods as they could be reasonably sure of exchanging for those of their neighbours.

They might seek to produce those things which, by their economic and geographical position in the world, they were most suited to produce. Thus could the wealth, efficiency and happiness of the world be increased.

This is one of the things Dr. Neurath believes, and one of the things he hopes by his Pictorial Charts to make plain. If we are to plan for the world, we must have world standards of comparison.

Never before has it been possible to compare the figures of separate national returns on a common basis. Dr. Neurath's pictures have given us a common denominator for international arithmetic.

This is their importance. They provide both a language which the world can understand and an international standard by which it can measure.

Here, in fact, is a New Economic Code. Properly used and developed, it might become a genuine factor in bringing the world to a better understanding of its problems, and so set it on saner courses.

This, says Dr. Neurath, is the Age of the Eye. Therefore, the expert who wants to make his appeal to the inexpert must make it *through* the eye.

Everyone knows how the appeal direct to the eye succeeds where other things fail. Simple people will look at pictures who cannot be bothered with print; they will enjoy a "Topical Budget" or a travel film at the kinema, when they would not read a book on the same subject.

How much truer must this be when the subject to be tackled is the "dullest" of all in the world—statistics of output, trade returns, comparative costs of production and distribution, and a hundred and one other rows of figures from which the average man or woman recoils in apprehension.

All of us enjoy pictures—from the time when we first look at picture-books. With his Pictorial Statistics, Dr. Neurath is appealing to the child in all of us.

That is why, with his innocent slide-rule and his box of colours, he is more likely to reform the world than are a thousand professors or a million picked troops.

"Every picture—"

Every day the Museum at Vienna is turning out new pictorial charts, and bringing old ones up to date; interpreting the latest social and economic information from all over the world in a form easily intelligible to ordinary people.

Most of these charts are coloured, and the more intricate of them have all the attractions of a game. Others are quite uncomplicated, and with these it is best to start.

The charts illustrated in these pages have been chosen mainly for their simplicity. They give a perfectly adequate idea of the range, clearness and ingenuity of the methods employed, and serve, perhaps, better than more complicated designs as an introductory explanation of Dr. Neurath's work.

All sorts of subjects are treated, from present-day economic and social statistics to historical comparisons of the past.

As an example of the historical sort, there is a chart which tells us at a glance the comparative geographical size and population of Rome as a city in the heyday of the ancient Empire, at the time of the Renaissance, and now—in which we make the interesting discovery that the Rome of the Cæsars had a larger population than the Rome of Signor Mussolini.

But it is the contemporary economic charts that are of most importance to the bewildered world of to-day. For example, at a glance we can see how the production of rubber, wool, wheat or other raw material is distributed over the world.

To show the practical usefulness of such information, it lights up our understanding of red-hot present-day problems like wheat quotas and tariffs. Similarly, we can study expenditure on armaments, or the growth of unemployment in our own country as compared with our neighbours.

All these things, which have a direct bearing on our present-day troubles, the man in the street can study for himself by means of the Vienna Method.

What makes it all the easier and more attractive is the cleverness, not to say sense of humour, which Dr. Neurath employs in choosing his symbols.

If it is the incidence of strikes and lock-outs in industry he is dealing with, he adopts as his symbol a red, closed fist—and incidentally this makes sound propaganda for peaceful relations in industry.

If he is illustrating unemployment he chooses a slightly bent figure of a man in cap and shirt-sleeves, *with his hands in his pockets.*

For the growth of rubber-production he adopts that most easily recognised symbol, the motor tyre. And so on, with a never-failing sense of what will most readily appeal to the imagination of ordinary men and women.

Is there any reason why eventually these "stills"—as the "movie" people call motionless pictures—of economic truths should not be developed even further, by the genius of a Walt Disney or some successor of the brain that invented Mickey Mouse and the Silly Symphonies?

What a marriage of ideas that would be—a Neurath and a Disney in partnership, to change the fate of mankind with economic movie-tones!

"The most human educator of our time"—will the world heed his lesson? Dr. Otto Neurath

Earth's chains broken

"Laugh and grow wise" with a vengeance!

Then the screen would really be doing its bit as a popular educator, and magistrates would be able to recommend the kinema to children and adults, instead of making it a subject of warning to those who have care of the young, and a matter for vigilance by Watch Committees.

But meanwhile, unless and until that happy day dawns, Dr. Neurath holds the field as the most enlightened innovator, the most human popular educator of our time—the man who may remodel the world with a picture-book.

When he has taught humanity the lesson of the Blue Books, humanity may decide to have done with its folly and plump for something more sane.

Homely Wisdom—by the Rev. R. J. Campbell, D.D.

Excuses

A RELATIVE of mine has just told me an amusing story of a naughty youngster of his acquaintance. The little scamp had quarrelled with his sister and bitten her nose, for which misdemeanour he was not smacked as he should have been, but solemnly reproved by his indulgent mother.

She said: "It was the devil who made you so wicked. He put it into your heart to be unkind to your little sister and bite her nose."

"Oh, no," cheerfully replied the culprit; "the devil may have put it into my heart to be unkind to her, but biting her nose was entirely my own idea."

He was at least honest in his confession. But there are many grown-up children to-day who are anything but honest with themselves in regard to their shortcomings and failures in life.

We all know people who can never keep a job when they get one, or who are a constant drag on others, or who resent bitterly the fact that others are promoted over their heads.

In their hearts they know quite well that it is their own fault, but this they refuse to acknowledge; they lay the blame upon everything and everybody but themselves.

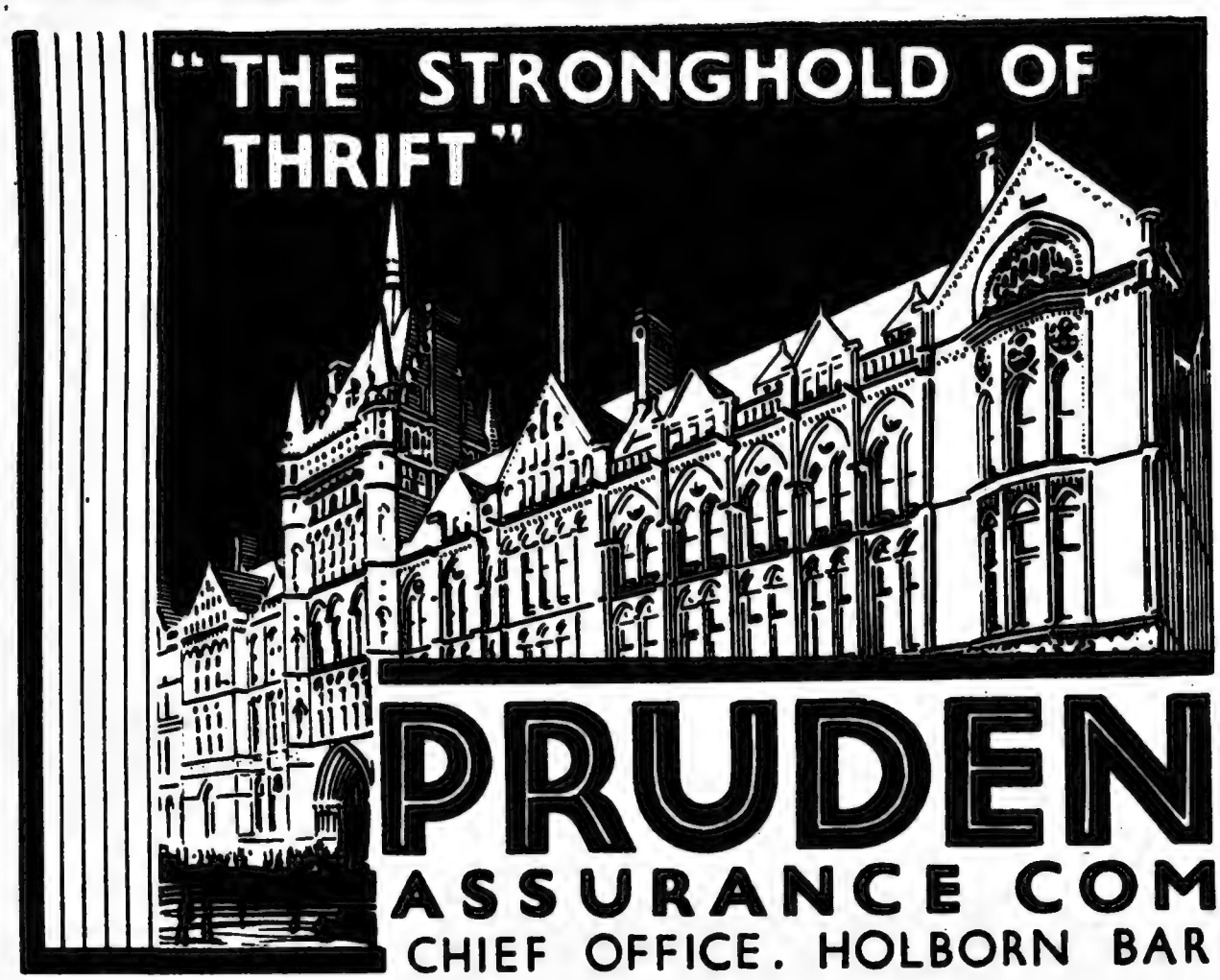
They know that they have not been doing their best, that they are not to be trusted with responsibility, that they are ever ready to slur over an unpleasant task, are slovenly in their habits and avoid taking trouble, yet profess surprise that they are not treated with respect.

It is the same with persons who exhibit defects of temper and behaviour, who fire up on slight provocation, are touchy and self-assertive and constantly on the watch for slights.

They do not mix well with their fellows, yet deem themselves injured when their company is not sought. It does not occur to them to look inside for the causes of the despite from which they suffer.

There are grosser faults which destroy men, sins of the flesh that poison and wreck mind and body, but it is seldom that you can get their victims to own up to being guilty of them. Secret indulgence ends in open shame.

These things are not to be explained away by putting the blame on the nature we are born with or the circumstances into which we are thrust. As Dean Inge says it is within every man's power to live decently and soberly if he will.



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EXTRACTS FROM THE EIGHTY-THIRD ANNUAL REPORT YEAR ENDING 31st DECEMBER 1931

ORDINARY BRANCH

NEW SUMS ASSURED	£20,269,138
TOTAL SUMS ASSURED AND BONUS	£212,885,725
PREMIUMS RECEIVED	£12,170,289
PAYMENTS TO POLICYHOLDERS	£10,281,770
POLICYHOLDERS' SHARE OF PROFITS	£1,798,537

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH

NEW SUMS ASSURED	£67,853,255
TOTAL SUMS ASSURED AND BONUS	£499,737,013
PREMIUMS RECEIVED	£18,804,288
PAYMENTS TO POLICYHOLDERS	£11,187,160
POLICYHOLDERS' SHARE OF PROFITS	£2,475,818

GENERAL BRANCH

PREMIUMS RECEIVED	£2,070,765
PAYMENTS TO POLICYHOLDERS	£1,112,938

PAYMENTS TO POLICYHOLDERS IN 1931 . £22,581,868

TOTAL ASSETS EXCEED **£255,000,000** | TOTAL CLAIMS PAID EXCEED **£380,000,000**

(COPIES OF CHAIRMAN'S SPEECH AND DIRECTORS' REPORT SENT ON APPLICATION)

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to H. G. Wells

DEAR WELLS,—You, of all our authors, are the most industrious, the most persistent, the most baffling.

You require no monument, for you have erected your own. It is built up of millions of words. It is much bigger than you are, for you, personally, are small and insignificant. Yet the work of your hands is the creation of a giant.

Thousands, all over the world, must have found inspiration, not only in your books, but in your life.

Your father was merely a professional cricketer. You had to slave, in your early days, for whatever education you could find in other people's books.

Now, in the last few years, when you had made a great, a well-deserved, reputation as a popular novelist, after you had spent years as a propagandist of the Higher Socialism, you burst upon the world as the greatest educator of the century.

* * *

You, after Kipps and Mr. Polly had, when you created them, not only become figures of fiction comparable with Becky Sharp and Mr. Micawber, but had symbolised, as these figures never did, the victims of our accursed industrial system, and after "The War of the Worlds" and "The Time Machine" had established a new kind of scientific novelism, you started out, when most men would have retired, to set down Learning so that it read like historical romance.

Yet, I wonder . . .

Which will live longer—"The Science of Life" or Kipps?

Science is largely an academy of quarrelsome professors—all contradicting, all saying "I told you so," all forgetting that what they say to-day is merely the opposite of what all the whiskered people like them said twenty years ago.

And mankind will never find them out. For Science, to-day, is the new God—the unchallengeable, the unalterable, or so folk think.

"The world must be led," you argued. So, with an energy that amazes even those who have played with you your own pet kind of hockey, you rearranged it all, sometimes with collaborators, sometimes with helpers, sometimes all by yourself.

* * *

The effect on the minds of the world's young men was incalculable. The dollar edition of your "Outline of History," that monumental tome, sold, in 1930, in the United States alone, to the extent of 450,000 copies!

Then, for two years, you and two colleagues slaved on "The Science of Life." It is incomplete, of course, as are all surveys that attempt comprehension; but hundreds of thousands of youths all over the globe saw, for the first time, that real adventure was not to be found in the days of swords and wigs and cloaks, but in the pursuit of knowledge and in a war with ignorance and superstition.

Then, the other day, at a Liverpool railway bookstall, I said, "Have you Wells' new book?" A fresh supply was due just before my train left and so a youth lumbered along the platform, when it came, with 850 pages of "The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind," for which I paid him ten-and-six.

I found in it a revelation of how Modern Man, of whom I regard you as one of the great exemplifiers, is seeking to bring out of our murderous chaos an Order, out of our criminal muddling a Plan.

I looked in at the Deutsches Museum, Munich, not long ago, and was bored by rows of machines, textiles, charts, diagrams, bits of each. You went all along the nine miles of it—and then tried to write down the story behind man's work, his customs, his attempts to govern, his short-lived hours of play.

And, from it all, you drew a Lesson.

God speed your enterprise!

We are all Kippses, poor, silly, little folk lost in the fears of a crumbling "civilisation," all Mr. Pollys, martyred by a commercialism which we do not understand.

We are all at war with all the worlds, poor simps that we are, all with time-machines inside our minds, that make us see the Future merely as another lunatic Past.

I shall never forget my last two meetings with you, Wells, short as they were.

"Well, you've got another good book out, I see," I said, on the day "The Science of Life" was published. "How on earth do you do it?"

"*You* seem to keep them busy guessing," you replied, modestly.

Well, perhaps, each of us in his own way is working out some sort of salvation.

* * *

Then, at the great disarmament meeting at the Albert Hall, I saw you, waiting to hear the Premier and the two ex-Premiers, and walked over.

"I read, the other day, that you said you were spending a hundred days a year in fighting War," I remarked. "What did you mean?"

"I included the time I spend on my books," you explained. "They are all bent to one purpose."

Then, more than I did before, I understood your mission—to stamp out Ignorance, to abolish Fear, to teach, to guide.

There is a phrase that ought to read, "The peace that passes all misunderstanding."

You are helping to achieve it. Never lose, Wells, the common touch. That, now, is your secret.

Hannen Swaffer

Keep your Great Secret

Candid Communications

LORD TRENCHARD,
New Scotland Yard, London

DEAR CHIEF,—I hope you will act upon Sir Ernest Wild's strong hint to the police. "One is always glad," he said, "when police vigilance is directed to more serious crime instead of lesser and more technical matters."

This is a point of view I have frequently expressed.

While so many murders and big robberies remain unsolved, it is unfair both to the public and your own splendid force that the latter should be engaged in unravelling the trivialities of the law.

JOHN BULL.

Vice-Admiral H. E. GRACE,
Alverstoke, Hants

DEAR ADMIRAL,—To collect five tons of coppers for the boys' hostel of which you are chairman you have just set off on a six months' house-to-house tour of Portsmouth.

Your father was W. G. Grace, the great cricketer. His son, too, is a fine sportsman. Here's luck to you!

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir HERBERT SAMUEL,
Home Secretary

DEAR SIR HERBERT,—Four years ago Mr. Victor Perosino was the king of London's night clubs. Then, in 1928, he was ordered to leave the country.

He has just been allowed back for a week's visit, and is looking forward to the day when he will again be running a club in London.

I hope that day never comes. We don't want men of his type, and I trust the Advisory Committee on the deportation of aliens which you have just appointed will see that they are kept out of Britain.

JOHN BULL.

VERY REV. "DICK" SHEPPARD: Sorry to hear of your illness and wish you speedy recovery. We can't do without your frankness and sincerity.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. GORDON SELFRIDGE,
Oxford Street, London, W.

DEAR SIR,—"We in England are better off than any of them—and that is the real truth about it," you declared when talking of the conditions in America, Germany and France.

Yes, and this is a fact which I have constantly emphasised. Britain has always pulled through her difficulties, and is pulling through now. Our worst enemies are the mournful folk who exaggerate those difficulties.

JOHN BULL.

P.-C. HARRY SMITH,
Metropolitan Police

DEAR SMITH,—When searching for two children lost in a blazing Brixton house you crawled through flames and smoke until you collapsed and had to be rescued by two comrades.

As the coroner said, it is a very fine story, though the children unfortunately lost their lives.

I hope you will speedily recover from your injuries and receive a well-merited reward.

JOHN BULL.

Dame LOUISE McILROY,
Royal Free Hospital, London

DEAR MADAM,—Your revelation of the unnecessary pain suffered by mothers comes as a surprise to those who thought that everything possible was done for them at childbirth.

As you say, there is no law against giving sedatives, and by their use doctors and nurses will not only get better results, but will be doing a great humane work.

I trust your outspoken remarks will be noted not only by the public, but by every member of the medical profession.

JOHN BULL.

EDWIN PERCY WILLIS,
Isle of Wight

FOOL.—When you turned your gun on a butcher's boy who snowballed outside your garage, three pellets entered his back.

I see that you are aged twenty-four, so you appear to have forgotten your own boyhood days very quickly.

Certainly you were lucky to be fined only £2 and costs. I hope it will cool your hot temper.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. BASIL HOLMES, J.P.,
Ealing Police Court, London

DEAR SIR,—After saying that children loaf about when they leave school because they cannot get a job, you ask why parents allow them to stay at home instead of making them go to work and do something to provide their own living!

You have said something—and nothing. But perhaps you were talking in your sleep.

Anyway, I know many parents who want to find jobs for their children. Perhaps you can help them to do so.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. HARRY SKEATS,
Lorn Road, Brixton

DEAR HARRY,—Haled up at North London Police Court for accidentally knocking down a policeman with your taxi, you were complimented by the magistrate on possessing the "most marvellous record" he had ever seen.

You have, in fact, been driving for nearly a quarter of a century, and, with the dismissal of this, your first summons, your record remains clean.

And you are seventy-three! Countless younger drivers must envy you.

JOHN BULL.

Professor G. M. TREVELYAN,
President, Youth Hostels Association

DEAR SIR,—In the first twelve months of its existence, your association has enrolled over 10,000 members, established eighty hostels, and obtained a grant of £10,000, to be spread over three years, from the Carnegie Trust.

The hiking movement is of inestimable value to our young people, and deserves the fullest support. May you continue to get it!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JEFF DICKSON, Paris: Your plan to stage public lion-hunt in London suggests that Londoners are as cruel as ancient Romans. Never mind; it won't be allowed.—JOHN BULL.

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With Dunlop roadster tyres, Dunlop rims and Dunlop waterproof saddle. All bright parts chromium plated. On very easy terms, or for cash £3.19.9. Ladies' model "L" (with chain guard and dress cord) easy terms, or cash, £4.5.9.
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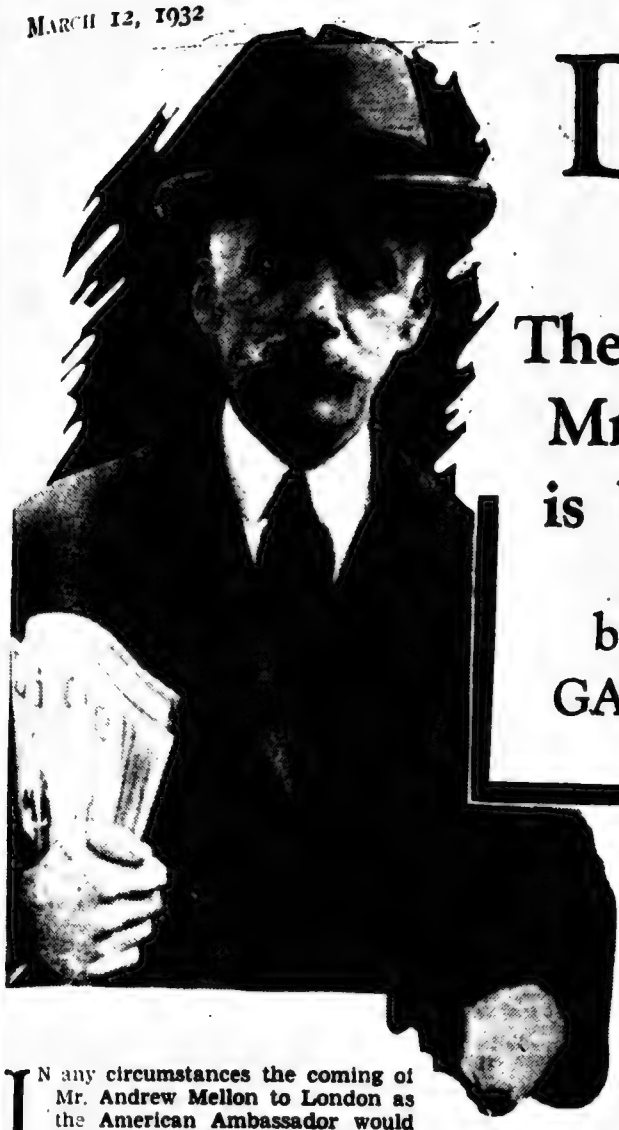

The Message Mr. Mellon is bringing

by A. G. GARDINER

IN any circumstances the coming of Mr. Andrew Mellon to London as the American Ambassador would be an event of importance. Mr. Mellon, who celebrates his seventy-seventh birthday on the 24th of this month, is perhaps the most influential of living Americans, and his selection for the post is a significant gesture.

The significance lies in two facts. For ten years Mr. Mellon has been Secretary to the Treasury at Washington—a sort of permanent Chancellor of the Exchequer. He therefore brings to the task of diplomacy an unrivalled intimacy with the problems of finance that lie at the root of the world's disorders.

With one voice

In the second place, as his remarkable statement last December showed, he has a most enlightened view on the subject of war debts and a generous appreciation of the excessive burdens this country has carried since the war and of our honourable fulfilment of our obligations.

The presence of so instructed and wise a statesman at the American Embassy would be gratifying in any circumstances. In the present crisis it is a fact of supreme moment.

Nothing is more important at this time of world disintegration than a close and cordial co-operation of the English-speaking peoples.

Together, the British Commonwealth of Nations and the United States occupy a third of the world's surface, contain something like half of its inhabitants and control more than half of its realised and potential wealth.

They speak the same language, have the same democratic traditions of government and for more than a hundred years have enjoyed a mutual and uninterrupted peace.

They have given the world the most splendid and enduring example of disarmament in history. By the Rush-Bagot Treaty of 1815 they agreed to disarm the whole Canadian-American frontier, and for a century there has not been a ship of war on the Great Lakes or a fort or a gun on the four thousand miles of territory where the British Commonwealth marches side by side with the United States.

And the peace has never been broken. That, as Sir Wilfrid Laurier once said, is the greatest witness that disarmament is the only guarantee of security.

Now the moment has come when the distracted world calls for a new act of statesmanship that will lead it out of the chaos into which it has fallen, and Mr. Mellon's appointment to St. James's gives promise that it will not call in vain.

Primarily, of course, his concern is with finance, but, as I shall show, finance and disarmament are only two sides of the same question.

In attempting to forecast the policy which he will seek to promote, it will be helpful to consider the temper in which he approaches the task, and the situation he leaves behind in America.

On the first point, the December statement to which I have referred throws a very clear light.

It revealed a courageous facing of facts which he knows must be disagreeable to the American people. He told them bluntly that war debts could not be paid in full to America until there was substantial economic recovery in the world. And in regard to this country he spoke of "the enormously increased burden on the people of Great Britain" due to the fall in the exchange value of the pound.

That burden, he said, meant that its war debt to America would automatically increase by 47 per cent., from £32,800,000 to £48,100,000.

And he used these remarkable words: "To stand on the letter of our bond and to refuse to investigate or consider the facts is to fail in our responsibility to the American people and the debtors whose capacity to pay we ourselves undertook to determine."

This was courageous language coming from the man chiefly responsible for the financial policy of America and about to come to Europe to give effect to that policy. It was a cold douche to the American people, who have been hit as hard by the world crisis as anybody, whose unemployed number ten millions and whose deficit in the first eight months of this financial year amounts to the staggering figure of £330 millions.

It is necessary to remember these facts in estimating the task before Mr. Mellon. He has to bear in mind the situation at home and the effect of what he does here upon the coming Presidential election.

Avarice, the wrecker

I do not think that he personally is in any doubt as to the mischief that war debts and reparations have done in the world. They are the root cause of the breakdown of the financial structure which in turn has wrecked international trade.

He sees that the attempt to extract impossible indemnities out of Germany has resulted in universal bankruptcy. French trade was down last year by £160 millions, British trade by £350 millions, United States trade by £550 millions. All because the machine of world trade has been wrecked in order to get out of Germany £100 millions which is not there.

It is as clear to him as to every thoughtful mind that the first step to world restoration is to clean the slate of the whole reparations and war debts nightmare. But America is the creditor nation, and it is not nearly so obvious for the creditor to say "Clean the slate" as for the debtor.

That is the difficulty Mr. Mellon has to face. If he is to succeed, Europe has got to help him to play his hand. And this fact links up the question of finance with the larger question of disarmament.

The argument which the American opponents of debt cancellation most constantly advance is this: Why should we cancel Europe's debts to us simply in order that the European countries can have more money to spend on armaments and in preparing for another war into which we shall be dragged?

His ultimatum?

President Hoover himself has more than once stated this objection to cancellation of the war debts. And it is impossible to deny its validity.

Armaments have not gone down as the result of the last war. They have gone up. Their cost has increased in the last decade by £160 millions, and to-day the world is spending on armaments nearly £1,000 millions a year.

It is no answer to say that America is spending its money on armaments, too. American armaments are governed by European armaments. It is the menace of war in Europe—war that would involve all countries—that strengthens the militarist faction in America. Take away that menace and American public opinion would put its militarists into cold storage. It is not unreasonable, therefore, that America should say "No cancellation until you disarm."

That, I think, is the message which Mr Mellon will bring to Europe. He brings it at a fortunate time. The Disarmament Conference is sitting at Geneva, and every country in turn has declared its eager desire to stop the competition in armaments and to reduce the burden under which European civilisation is staggering to another Armageddon.

Let it implement these protestations and it will not only disperse the menace of war, but it will clean the slate of the riddle of war debts and reparations.

It will make Mr. Mellon's task easy, and turn the face of the world once more to the light.

COMING SOON

—something entirely new and original in journalism—the NEW *Passing Show*. You will find it wholly irresistible. Look out for it on March 23.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

Sir Walter Gilbey obliges with—

A Hymn *of* Hat(e)

WHENE'ER I go
To Rotten Row
I suffer sore distress
When riders race
About the place
Who don't know how to dress.

In days gone by
Smart suits and high
Hats were esteemed *de rigueur*;
We always rode
There *a la mode*,
And cut a dashing figure

Unless we ban
The sacred tan
To folk One Does Not Know,
Its honoured name
Will, to our shame,
Be changed to Rotters' Row!

As I said in my speech at the Thoroughbred and Hunters' Show luncheon: "Our Row is the pride of the world." Believe me, there isn't a worker on the orchid farms of Peru, not a Mexican greaser or Chinese coolie, who does not feel proud of Rotten Row!

So I am speaking not only for the Best People of Mayfair, but for lowly workers in distant lands, when I say that we must at all costs maintain the Row's glorious sartorial conditions.

I myself do my bit, by riding in a hat of enigmatical design which would make the fortune of a music-hall comedian. But there are riders who, either because they have no sense of fitness or too much sense of humour, refuse to emulate me.

On a recent Sabbath I counted no fewer than thirty miscreants riding without hats! One, I regret to say, was a young actor, who made his villainy even more villainous by wearing a plebeian garment which, I am told, is called a "pullover."

I have already expressed the opinion that people who appear in such costumes are "not only a disgrace to the Royal Park, but to their country." Is it any wonder that in the Midlands feeling is running high and protest meetings are being organised on the Clyde?

There are, I am informed, riders who cannot go to the best tailors and bootmakers; nevertheless, I am in favour of giving the mounted police orders to ask anyone who appears in the Row without a hat, or wearing stockings or a pullover, to retire.

I know what would happen to anyone who arrived hatless at a hunt—the M.F.H. would order him to be thrown to the hounds, and, by gad! it would serve the rotter right!

It is absurd to talk about riding to keep fit and dressing for comfort. This is the talk of the sort of bounder who would not hesitate to outrage decency by smoking a cigar with the band on.

When Bolshevism rears its head, then all must rally round
To crush the ugly monster and to fortify the pound.
The country's going to the dogs—there is no doubt of *that*—
But let us do the journey in a gentlemanly hat.

Old England, I regret to say, has never been the same
Since gentlemanly cricketers who used to play the game
Gave up their stovepipe headgear on the field. I cast no slur,
But cricket, as it's played to-day, it isn't *cricket*, sir.

Let us, at least, keep Rotten Row of elegance a haunt,
Where outfitters and hatters may their new creations flaunt.
And with contempt I'll treat those cads who say they will resign
Themselves to wearing hats there—if I'll only give up mine!

ALL WOOL PLUS FOUR or LOUNGE SUIT

MADE TO MEASURE FOR £2:2:0

30 years' experience of tailoring to measure is behind the Barry organisation. Throughout all these years we have been building men's tailoring to measure, tailoring which is the admiration of the whole world. The *quality*, *style* and *finish* of Barry tailoring is unsurpassed.

OUR UNFAILING SELF-MEASURE CHART

No matter where you reside we guarantee to fit you perfectly from our simple self-measurement chart. The risk is entirely with us. We refund you 2/6 more than you pay us if we fail to fit you perfectly.

WE FIT YOU BY POST

POST THIS COUPON (d.)

in halfpenny envelope.

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26, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.
Please send your SPRING 1932 FREE PATTERNS of suitings.

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Send for FREE Patterns

AND FASHION BOOKLET

100% All Wool Indigo Dyed, Genuine Botany Yarn, Guaranteed London Shrunk
BLUE SERGE SUIT
MADE TO YOUR MEASURES **50/-**
ALPACA LINING TO MATCH

IN BROWNS, GREYS OR BLUES
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The famous **BARRY MILITAIRE** All Weather Coat
IN LATEST PUTTY SHADE OR NAVY BLUE for **21/-** POST PAID (FLEECE-LINED THROUGHOUT)
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An 8-gn. PORTABLE WIRELESS SET FOR

CASH PRICE **95/-**
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GAMAGES BUY MAKER'S ENTIRE STOCK of the famous "RENOWN" Portable Wireless Sets at a HUGE DISCOUNT.

The construction and high quality of the finish give a very much more expensive appearance. The very best components are used throughout with a view to ensuring really satisfactory reception. Thoroughly reliable, giving perfect and constant results, not merely from BRITISH BROADCASTING STATIONS, but also FOREIGN STATIONS.

Send your order NOW, as this offer cannot be repeated.

Usually 8 Gns.

GAMAGES HOLBORN E.C.1
also 107, Cheapside E.C.2.

Lucky Girl -Her New White Skin Changed Her Fortune In Only 3 Days

When my skin was dark, muddy and covered with enlarged pores and blackheads, I never had an admirer. But, to-day with a fresh, smooth, soft skin—my luck has changed. I now have three suitors asking my hand in marriage. The recipe which made such an amazing difference in my appearance can be used by any woman to quickly whiten, soften and beautify her skin.

Simply start the daily use of Crème Tokalon, White Colour (non-greasy). This now contains predigested dairy cream and olive oil combined with whitening, tonic and astringent ingredients. It instantly penetrates, soothes irritated skin glands, tightens enlarged pores, dissolves blackheads so that they fall away, whitens and softens darkest, roughest skin. Crème Tokalon Skinfood (White colour) gives indescribable new skin beauty and freshness in 3 days—such as can be obtained in no other way. It should be used every morning.

FREE: By arrangement with the manufacturers, any reader of this paper may now obtain a De luxe Beauty Outfit containing the new Tokalon Skinfood creams (rose for the evening, white for the day). It contains also trial packets of Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" Powder. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, and other expenses. Address: Tokalon Ltd. (Dept 422C), Chase Road, London, N.W.10

Weekly Informations from MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

Cruel QUACK'S Dupes

A dignified pose by Davis—our portrait artist's study from a reproduction in a pamphlet issued by the ear quack himself

ONE of the greatest campaigns of quackery ever organised is now being pursued under the direction of a Mr. H. Davis, who describes himself as a "London Ear Specialist."

Although quite without qualifications, he is making the most extravagant claims regarding the benefits he pretends to be able to bestow upon those who suffer from defective hearing.

He is also seeking to establish himself on a national scale, and has already launched individual campaigns in London, Paris, Torquay, Plymouth, Bristol, Leeds, Preston, Bournemouth, Manchester, Exeter, Glasgow, Aberdeen and Dublin.

According to the various announcements he has made in the Press, he has male and female "specialists" at his command, and sometimes sends a "famous London scientist" on tour.

"Hearing brings happiness" is one of his favourite slogans, and I note that in some cities he has visited he has sought to inaugurate a "Hearing Week."

He claims to have solved the deafness problem, and to be able to open up a new world for the afflicted by supplying them with a simple, invisible attachment.

"Don't suffer any longer," run his announcements. "We can help you. Why should the deaf suffer this dread affliction?"

It does not matter what the seat of the trouble may be, apparently—catarrh, nerves, strain or old age—perfect hearing is promised in every case.

Forgetful!

I have already pointed out that Mr. H. Davis has no medical qualifications, so it would be interesting to know on what he bases his momentous claims.

Personally, I am satisfied that he is a dangerously impudent quack, and I may as well give the public one or two facts which have enabled me to form this very definite opinion.

I have before me a sheaf of Davis' advertisements collected from English, Scottish and Irish newspapers, and the first thing that strikes one on making a careful comparison is a certain inconsistency where the description of the magical attachment is concerned.

Sometimes it is described as "Hearite," sometimes as the "Aura Wonder," the "Auriphone" or the "Wondaphone."

One advertisement says it is the invention of a "young acoustician professor"; another gives the credit to "three aural scientists."

The people of Dublin are told one thing; the people of Edinburgh another! Rather unfair of Mr. Davis, surely—and rather careless, too? But perhaps he never entertained the possibility of his various announcements being brought together in one batch upon my desk!

He has also been very careless in the use of initials. "H.," "C. M.," and "L. M." are a few he has favoured, while sometimes he passes as "Max Turner" or "Arthur Mackenzie."

It would seem, therefore, that he really ought to be looking about for a cure for absent-mindedness.

Despicable profiteer

His present campaign is about the most cruel and despicable attempt to part ear sufferers from their savings I have ever encountered.

I find that Davis and his precious "specialists" have an extremely elastic scale of fees, and though they are not qualified to diagnose or treat ear diseases, they do not hesitate to charge anything from two guineas to twenty guineas for supplying their much-boosted attachment.

Yet similar appliances are to be found in the price-list of a Parisian firm for retailing at 7s. 6d. a pair!

A Norwich reader who paid ten guineas for his "cure" writes that he bitterly regrets having thrown away his hard-earned savings.

From Somerset comes a complaint that the device has proved quite worthless, though the sufferer was mulcted of £20.

Shy directors

A war veteran who paid £30 for a pair of "auriphones" protests that he cannot hear, nor can be obtain a refund.

In Dublin, recently, Davis actually established a concern called Hearite, Ltd., which he registered in accordance with the Free State requirements.

But he neglected to pay his advertising bill and judgment was obtained against the company for £155 and costs.

None of the principals of Hearite put in an appearance; perhaps they were too busy coping with the rush of dissatisfied patients at their offices in Stephen's Green, Dublin.

When an attempt was made to distrain upon the company's property it was found that the bulk of it had been removed. What remained could not be touched because it was on hire.

A chance call at the address of one of the directors resulted in the discovery of several cases containing auriphones, all labelled in readiness for shipment to Exeter.

Meanwhile, the rent of the Dublin office and several other bills had been left unpaid.

Although Davis boasts London headquarters at 235, Regent Street, I am informed that he has never been in office there, and that the landlord has complained to the police because of the unauthorised use of his address.

Who, then, is Mr. Davis? I am able to reveal that he is a notorious charlatan who has long contrived to prosper by practising quackery in nearly all its branches.

There have been times when he has shown great concern for the nation's eyesight, just as he is now championing the cause of the deaf.

Then, by way of variety, he has occasionally set out to cure baldness and other afflictions.

One of his ambitious projects was known as the National Sun Ray and Health Centres, Ltd., which he formed to acquire six sun-ray clinics. He was then passing as "Arthur Lewis," and was criticised severely in JOHN BULL.

Within four months this company was in a receiver's hands; plant which was on hire-purchase was seized by the owners, and fixtures and fittings were claimed by the landlord in place of rent.

Following this exposure Davis went to Johannesburg.

His real name, I can reveal, is Abraham Gittleson, and I earnestly hope that this publicity will have the effect of smashing his present audacious campaign.

WAR CHARITY *Exposed*

ALTHOUGH nearly fourteen years have elapsed since the Armistice was signed, mushroom war charities are continually cropping up, and public sympathy for disabled soldiers and sailors is being shamefully exploited.

People in various parts of the country have lately been approached by a dignified individual who calls himself Mr. John Bambridge, and who poses as an official from the War Office.

Their support has been requested on behalf of a new scheme for aiding disabled war sufferers—Mr. Bambridge declaring that he personally is jointly responsible for its organisation, and therefore anxious to make it a success.

Founded by a disabled man with the aid of a Government subsidy, the scheme has won the fullest official approval because a factory was already established on a business-like basis where disabled men were exclusively employed.

With inspiring talk of this kind, Mr. Bambridge has enlisted widespread sympathy. But he does not rely solely upon his eloquence, for he is armed with a sheaf of official-looking documents which lend colour to his stories.

Apart from obtaining financial support for his alleged schemes, Bambridge has callously imposed upon bereaved people by pretending that he was able to supply attractive plaques of solid bronze for honouring the memory of fallen relatives and friends.

He has collected varying sums in advance on his assurance that these plaques were being made with official sanction by disabled war heroes, and complaints are now mounting up against him.

* * *

These show that he has been exceptionally active lately in Nottinghamshire and Yorkshire, and also that he sometimes passes as Mr. Fisher or Mr. Jones.

His appeals are based on claims which are utterly false, for all the details he furnishes so glibly are the fruits of his own vivid imagination.

His frauds are particularly mean and despicable, and any reader who may be approached by him should immediately communicate with the police.

TRICKED by the

Bogus Earl

THERE are still plenty of crooks who think it well worth travelling two or three hundred miles in search of prospective victims. And, unhappily, their optimism is nearly always rewarded.

This is borne out by the numerous complaints which reach us from every part of the country.

A contractor in Callington, Cornwall, was approached not long ago by a representative of a concern called the Title Guarantee and Trust Company, Ltd., of London, who "happened to be in the district" on business.

This representative, who gave the name of Greig, proved so eloquent in lauding the prospects of his Trust that he induced the contractor to invest £125 and to let him have £85 as a personal loan into the bargain!

He promised to refund this money immediately he "got back to town" and to see that the share certificates were duly forwarded on with as little delay as possible.

But the contractor is still waiting to hear from Mr. Greig, and has written to ask our advice.

We are truly sorry for him, for it is clear that he has fallen into bad hands.

A perusal of documents he has forwarded for our inspection enables us to identify the engaging Mr. Greig as the bogus "Earl of Dunblane," whose operations in connection with the English and Scottish Law Trust Company, Ltd., were exposed by us nearly a year ago!

Since our exposure an order for the compulsory liquidation of one of the companies with which he was associated has been made, but that has not deterred Greig from pursuing other activities, as the complaint from our Callington reader shows.

Scores of dupes in every part of the country are to-day clamouring for Greig's arrest, which many of them think long overdue.

He has an unenviable record where share and financial transactions are concerned, and when he does fall into the hands of the authorities he will have some formidable charges to answer.

LOVELY YOUNG STARS

Laugh at hurrying years

KAY JOHNSON (*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*) *says: "I always use Lux Toilet Soap—it keeps my skin so wonderfully smooth."*

They have the secret of youth birthdays cannot steal

LOVELY screen stars—so young—so fascinating—and they have no fear of growing old. They know the secret of *keeping* youthful charm.

"We use Lux Toilet Soap to guard our complexion," they say. Almost all of them give their lovely skins this care. That is why Lux Toilet Soap has been made the official soap in the dressing-rooms of nearly all the big studios.

You should guard your complexion above everything. Keep it smooth and aglow with Lux Toilet Soap. You'll love the way it cares for the skin, the quick way it lathers even in hard water. Grocers, chemists and stores sell Lux Toilet Soap.

DORIS KENYON, *starring in "The Road to Singapore" (Warner Bros.), says: "To guard my skin I use Lux Toilet Soap."*

LUX

TOILET SOAP

4d. *a tablet*

TL. 310-312-65 A *LEVER* PRODUCT

FREE

Here are just four of the Bournville free gifts.

There are many others in the list—gifts for the house and for every member of the family.

Write for a copy to:
"New Gifts,"
Cadbury,
Bournville.

FOR COUPONS FROM

BOURNVILLE

¼ lb. 6D COCOA ½ lb. 11D

FINANCIER *they must* ARREST!

THE Director of Public Prosecutions must order an immediate enquiry into the operations of a financier named George William Robinson, who has already brought disaster to many business men after gaining control of their affairs.

His commanding figure—he weighs twenty stone!—has become familiar in some of London's leading hotels and in various important commercial centres. But he cannot now be found at his home address in South London.

Two of his latest victims are directors of a London company which desired additional capital for exploiting a promising patent for the mass production of a new kind of tinned soup.

They were led to believe that Robinson could render invaluable service through a concern known as the Westminster Publicity and Investments Company, which he directed from suites 143, 144 and 145, Chandos House, Buckingham Gate, Westminster, London.

"Leave it to me"—

Mr. Robinson completely won their fullest confidence with his charm of manner, and he also impressed them by the authoritative way in which he talked of business organisation and general questions of finance.

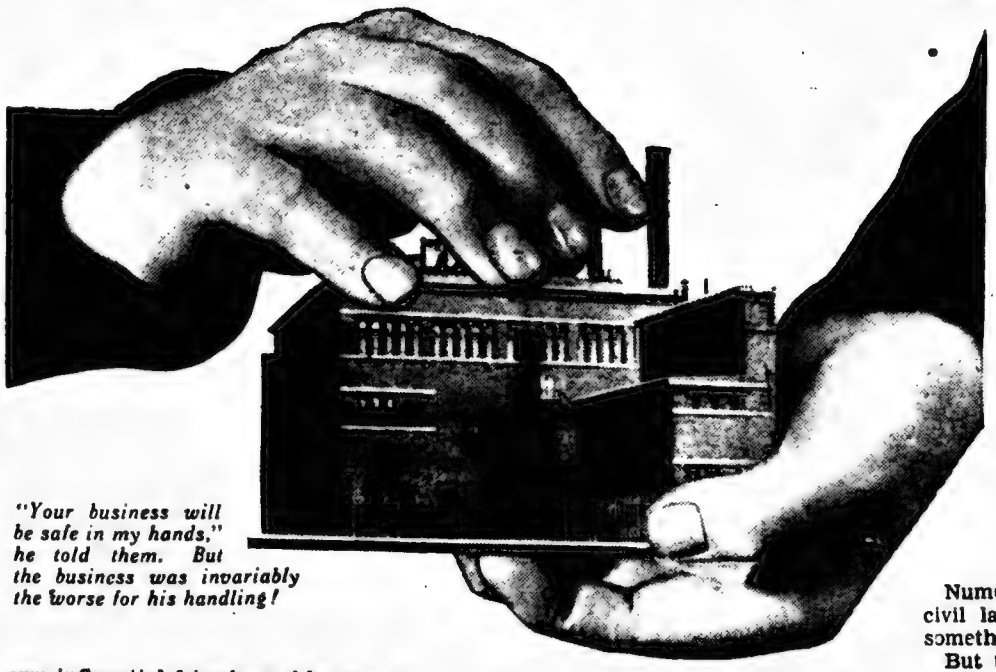
But, while he gave the impression that he dabbled in thousands and could raise money without difficulty, he demanded the fullest particulars of the patent process it was intended to exploit.

He also showed by his questions that he possessed exceptional powers for grasping the salient details of any new enterprise.

Finally, he became enthusiastic and spoke of various influential people he could interest in the proposition.

It was agreed that he should prepare articles of association and all documents necessary for registering a limited liability company.

Now that he had personally approved the scheme, he declared, he could guarantee to raise at least £25,000 among his own influential friends, and he was confident that there would be no hitch anywhere.



"Your business will be safe in my hands," he told them. But the business was invariably the worse for his handling!

The next step would be to open an up-to-date factory, and here again he would be in a position to afford the directors much valuable advice.

Meanwhile, the Westminster Publicity and Investments Company would require a preliminary fee of £300 to cover registration expenses.

—They're sorry they did

A cheque duly changed hands, but from that moment the distinguished Mr. Robinson left the directors very much alone.

When they pressed him for news he furnished encouraging bulletins of the alleged progress of the flotation, but after a time the delay could not be easily explained.

Suspicion was aroused, too, by the discovery that the £300 cheque had been specially cleared in a hurry by Robinson, and it was puzzling to know why a man who had been so punctual in grabbing his fee should now be so tardy in attending to the business for which it had been paid.

Then came the discovery that Robinson had done nothing at all, but had diverted this money to other uses. The disappointed business men immediately applied for a writ on the ground that the contract respecting which he obtained their money had not been carried out.

Judgment was obtained, with costs; but Robinson has made no attempt to refund the money.

Whales and sprats

Now, in desperation, the directors have gone to Scotland Yard, only to find that they represent two of many complainants who have had similar experiences.

In some ways they are lucky to have escaped so lightly, for one recent dupe, who thought he was doing a good thing by placing his money in Robinson's hands, is to-day the poorer by £2,000.

Victims are legion, and large sums have passed into the coffers of Robinson's precious Westminster Publicity and Investments Company.

And, while handling big business in this way, Robinson has not scrupled to defraud lesser victims. He has even fleeced his own employees by inducing them to part with sums ranging from £50 to £150 on one lying pretext or another.

Other members of his staff have been handed worthless cheques in respect of arrears of salary, and there are miscellaneous creditors who have been left with similar wastepaper mementoes.

One firm, which supplied him with furniture for his South London flat, accepted a promissory note that Robinson has never met.

Numerous people are eagerly searching for him to-day. Bailiffs are after him; garage proprietors from whom he has hired cars want to know when their bills will be paid; and Government officials want an explanation from him regarding breaches of health and unemployment insurance regulations.

Though many of the business men he has duped were led to believe that the Westminster Publicity and Investments Company was a limited liability concern of considerable standing, it is nothing of the sort.

It is merely a business name—and not Robinson's, either! His wife, Nellie Robinson, is the registered proprietor, and his reason for sheltering behind her skirts will be apparent when we reveal that he is an undischarged bankrupt!

From investigations we have made it is difficult to know where he can have acquired the polish and expert knowledge of finance which enables him to cast his spell over the most astute business men.

For he has spent at least three periods behind prison bars for exploits which include partnership frauds and miscellaneous swindles.

Numerous people have resorted to the civil law in the endeavour to retrieve something in return for their money.

But they have only the cold consolation that they have thrown good money after bad.

Let him have it!

The latest tidings of Robinson come from a London hotel, where he contrived in a short period to run up a bill of nearly £50—eloquent testimony to his luxurious scale of living. Needless to say, he departed without paying a penny!

We certainly think he has qualified for another term of free board and residence—though in an establishment where he will have no opportunity for indulging his extravagant tastes.

The police should see that this is speedily arranged.

Not Worth a Song

CROMER was recently favoured with the presence of a distinguished-looking individual who engaged rooms at a local hotel in the assumed name of Captain Lacey.

He told the management that though he had chosen the Army as a profession he was making more headway as a singer than a soldier.

His singing at military functions had attracted some notice and, following a contract to make one or two records for a famous gramophone company, he had obtained permission to appear at several East Coast resorts.

This story, with slight variations, he recounted for the benefit of a number of local shopkeepers with whom he placed orders for goods to be sent up to the hotel where he was staying.

In this way he obtained wireless sets, underwear, jewellery and cigars, for which he invariably paid by cheque.

The cheques all came back from the bank dishonoured, and when the shopkeepers flocked to the hotel they discovered that the genial captain had disappeared, leaving his bill unpaid.

Now complaints of a similar character have been lodged in Glasgow.

Anyone who may encounter this bogus baritone should immediately notify the police.

PLUMBER *WHO'LL NEVER FORGET*

HERE is the story of a plumber who forgot to post some "Bullets" coupons. The plumber was Mr. T. Cross, of 14, Mead Walk, Anlaby Park, Hull. Almost every Friday for years past he has remembered to post off his entry for our "Bullets" contest.

But something startling happened one recent Friday afternoon when he was preparing his coupons. A telegram arrived—and its news made him miss his usual "Bullets" entry, and he almost forgot the rheumatism from which he suffers so badly.

* * *

"In Competition No. 837," ran the message from JOHN BULL, "you have won the First Prize for your 'Bullet': SAVED FROM THE WRECK—THANKS 'CARPENTER' FOR RAFT."

We congratulate the winner on making up this telling effort, with its solemn reminder of the work of the Carpenter of Nazareth. As his reward for it, Mr. Cross has elected to receive £3,500 in cash in preference to five-yearly payments of £1,000.

"I've always had faith in my ability to pull off a big prize one day," the winner told our representative, "but that telegram fairly took the wind out of my sails.

"I've been entering for 'Bullets' ever since the old days of Limericks," he continued, "but nothing bigger than a Christmas turkey has come along before now.

"I think it was the fact that my business in Hull has so often brought me in touch with ships that the Example, 'Saved from the Wreck,' caught my eye.

"Somehow or other, the word 'Thanks' seemed the right one to start my 'Bullet.' I'd noticed it in that recent £1,250 winner, AT THE PITHEAD—FOR VALOUR—'THANKS, MATE!' And I felt that a man who's saved from a wreck should certainly be thankful for his rescue.

"Have I any plans for using the prize-money? Well, the first thing I'm going to do is to go to a spa for a good long stay. Maybe"—and Mr. Cross winced even as he spoke—"that will get these rheumatics out of my bones."

* * *

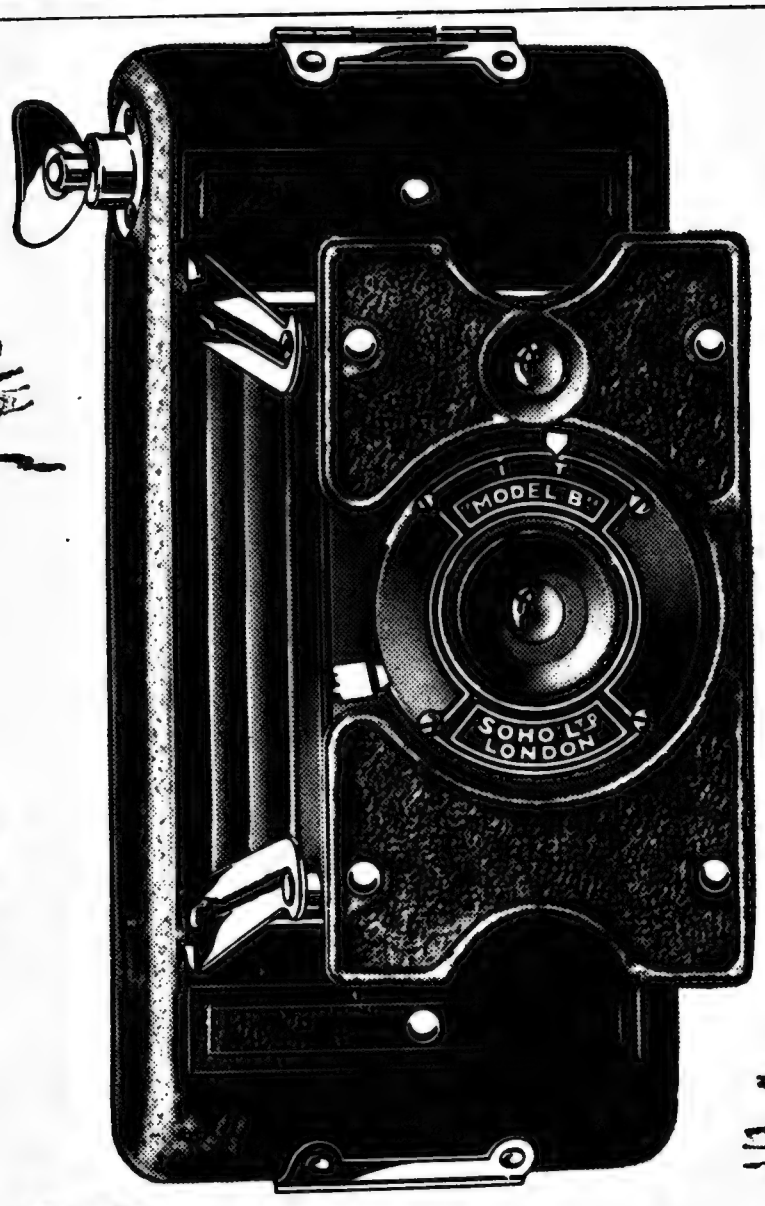
The winner of the biggest "Bullets" prize so far offered in 1932 did not complete the successful effort without assistance. His aid was a weekly copy of our free *Bullets Bulletin*. "It put me on the road to success," he said, "by plainly pointing out the kind of 'Bullets' the judges are looking for."

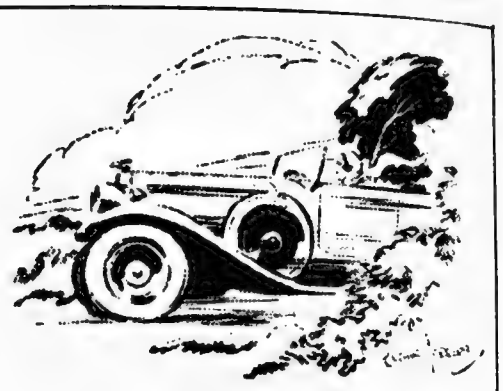
Before long we shall be offering an even bigger prize than Mr. Cross received. Meanwhile, there is a wonderful array of Cash and Wireless prizes awaiting you on page 43, as well as a coupon enabling you to join the readers of *Bullets Bulletin*.

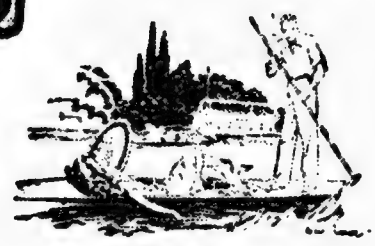
Become a "Bulleteer" this week, and soon, like the plumber of Hull, you may receive from JOHN BULL a message you will never forget.

Almost a Crime

It would be almost a crime to miss the NEW *Passing Show*. Entirely new! original! sensational! Coming soon. Make note of the date—March 23.







New... better... different

ROSEWOOD takes "Studio-snaps"

....on any make of film!

200 COUPONS

SPECIFICATION OF THE ROSEWOOD

British made by Soho Ltd. Highly polished moulded body in rosewood finish. Strong bellows extending on rigid metal side struts. Powerful Meniscus lens. Takes remarkably sharp pictures, on any standard make of 2¼" x 3¼" roll film. Newly designed shutter for time or snap. Daylight loading. Folds flat 7" x 3¼" x 1⅝". Extends to 4¾". All metal parts heavily chromium plated. Untarnishable, even in sea air. Booklet with each camera.

Now... **ROSEWOOD** ... a new B.D.V. Folding Camera ... leaves all other gift cameras far behind ... *it takes any make of film.* Its lens finds minutest details and takes snaps rivalling studio prints. Finish superb. Read the specification. Change to-day to B.D.V. Get your **ROSEWOOD** ... the miracle camera *that takes any make of film.*

B.D.V

CIGARETTES

each Coupon worth 3 TIMES other coupon values

10 FOR 6D — 20 FOR 11½D

B.D.V. TOBACCO, 11½d. per oz.

GET THE ALL-BRITISH GIFT BOOK

Send the Coupon below for a free copy of the wonderful B.D.V. All-British Gift Book. Beautifully illustrated in full colour. Shows over 275 treble-value gifts. Something for everybody—and each gift of supreme value. Also 5 free coupons with each Gift Book. Do not delay. Fill in the coupon below.

GET THE ALL-BRITISH GIFT BOOK

To Godfrey Phillips, Ltd., Dept. J.B. 39, Commercial St., London, E.1.

Please send me a copy of the amazing B.D.V. All-British Gift Book with 5 free Coupons showing in colour 275 treble-value gifts.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

EVEN LESS COUPONS REQUIRED FROM B.D.V TOBACCO — EACH TOBACCO COUPON BEING WORTH 1½ CIGARETTE COUPONS

A Widow to SHUN

THE optimistic widow wants a few million people to support her ambitious sweepstake scheme. But we advise you—don't put your money on that very dark horse!

TWENTY pounds for a pound. Think of it!

So runs the invitation issued from the Rainbow Club, Ltd., of Rochester, Kent, which has a scheme for turning the Bermudas, the Paradise of the Atlantic, into veritable islands of gold.

Twenty pounds for a pound, £200 for £10, £2,000 for £100. Imagination staggers at the vistas of wealth thus unfolded.

There are 120,000,000 people in the United States of America and 50 per cent. of these would join a sweepstake if they only had the opportunity. This fact, say the promoters of this Midas-like plan, is evidenced by the large number of Americans who have drawn prizes in the Irish Sweepstakes.

And their plan is simplicity itself.

A private syndicate is being organised in England to open a club in the Bermudas to carry on a legalised sweepstake with the United States.

The literature points out that it is illegal to circulate lottery tickets and the like in the States as in England, but it is not illegal to pay a membership fee to a club and thereby have the rights, as a member, to all the privileges and amenities of that club.

These privileges, we are told, can embrace the quarterly division of the club's profits or surplus. "This is legal both in England, its dependencies and the United States."

"Taking it," the circular continues, "that the syndicate controlling the Irish Hospitals Trust, Ltd., has made *five* per cent. on the turnover during the past year, it has made a profit of over £400,000. If the capital of the syndicate was £20,000, it has paid in one year to its shareholders £20 on every £1 subscribed.

"It is hoped to do as well in the course of a year from the time the club is opened in Bermuda."

So the organisers are prepared to send confidential particulars to those who would like to invest money "where it will have an unusual opportunity of making exceptional profits."

This is modesty indeed!

At a rough calculation some 16,000,000 people participated in the three Irish Sweepstakes last year. If half the population of the United States is willing, as the circular asserts, to join this sweepstake club, it would have 60,000,000 participants—almost four times as many as the three Irish Sweeps.

What, then, is this Rainbow Club from whose Rochester office this brilliant scheme emanates?

The prosaic facts fall sadly short of the rosy plans which are yet in embryo.

Busy woman!

The registered directors are Albert Gay, of "The Homestead," Blue Bell Hill, near Rochester, and Mrs. Lillie Watson, of "Fair View," in the same district, whose private residence is, we find, the headquarters of the Rainbow Club!

Mrs. Lillie Watson also appears on the literature as Mrs. Wallace Watson; indeed, she seems to be the person of importance in the affair. She is variously described as Director, Secretary and Patroness, and is, in fact, all three.

She is a widow, and her house—in other words, the club—stands on the top of Burnham Downs, overlooking the beautiful vale of the Medway and the rolling background of the Kentish hills.

It was in this neighbourhood that an American company promoter of many aliases, but best known to fame as Henry Guy Mather, ran, through nominees, the Pig Farm Ramp, which was exposed in these columns, and in which thousands of small investors lost their savings.

Mr. Mather, who has had a chequered career as bucket-shop operator, bankrupt, gentleman of wealth, and rum-runner, conceived the plan of making every Briton an armchair pig-farmer with an assured profit of 40 per cent.

The 40 per cent. did not eventuate, however, and the concern went into liquidation, leaving the unfortunate investors minus their capital.

Up to about the time that Mr. Mather found it expedient to disappear, Mrs. Wallace Watson and he were very closely associated.

Your money they want!

The Rainbow Club, we are credibly informed, is not connected with the Bermuda venture except through the directors and the fact that the publicity for one is issued from the office of the other.

The minds of the directors of the Rainbow Club, however, seem to run in sweepstake channels, and one of the inducements offered to potential members is participation in the club's profits on the Grand National.

A circular letter signed by Mrs. Watson, soliciting members, says:

"All our members are also entitled to take part in an event on the Grand National and share in the club's profits. Let us have, therefore, your subscription and those of your relatives and friends, as early as possible.

"Any adult member of a family may join. The one payment of 10s. entitles an accepted member to all privileges of the club for the quarter ending March 31, 1932."

It is significant, in this regard, that the Grand National is run on March 18, so that the quarter's subscription terminates a couple of days after the race.

While it may or may not be legal for the members of a club to run a sweepstake among themselves, it is certainly irregular to circularise people in this way—using a sweepstake as an inducement to join a club.

This is open to the interpretation that the sweepstake is the main purpose of the club and thus reduces the law to a farce.

Jobs for all?

Other literature issued makes high-sounding claims for the venture.

"A project is on foot," it says, "for assisting Kent hospitals and the unemployed all over the country, in a similar manner to the Irish Sweepstakes."

The patroness is Mrs. Wallace Watson, of Blue Bell Hill, Rochester!

Mrs. Wallace Watson, we are further informed, has taken legal advice on the matter, and is satisfied that it will be a great success.

She anticipates a very large subscription, as she hopes to be able to assist the unemployed to earn excellent returns through disposing of memberships, on which they will receive a commission.

Up till quite recently the club's membership totalled some thirty members, so it is difficult to see how the hospitals of Kent and the unemployed all over the country will benefit.

Actually, the club is a limited company, registered in January of this year with the object of taking the lease of Mrs. Wallace Watson's private house for a country club!

It started with the nominal capital of £100 divided into 2,000 shares of 1s. each.

According to the information in the files of Somerset House, two of these shares have been taken up, Mrs. Wallace Watson and Mr. Albert Gay having thrown a whole shilling each into the venture!

Mrs Wallace Watson's Rainbow-hued schemes should be shunned, and it will be interesting to see if the authorities will bear out the legal advice that pronounced them "well within the law."

FLORIST who FADED

THE unemployed are still being shamefully exploited, and complaints have lately reached us from Brighton, Tonbridge, Croydon, Watford, Woodstock and elsewhere from men who have been cruelly victimised through a concern known as the Downs Floral Nurseries, of Keymer, Hassocks, Sussex.

They have been mulcted of sums ranging from £100 to £260, and all now heartily wish that they had never listened to the plausible tales of its proprietor, a Mr. E. A. Smith.

At individual interviews with prospective employees, Mr. Smith waxed eloquent regarding his firm's prospects.

With this plausible talk, Smith induced one man after another to enter his employ and to invest money at 12½ per cent. interest.

One man who put in £260 on these terms was promised a wage of £3 5s., and when he commenced work he had no suspicion that any other of his colleagues were also investors.

Things went smoothly for a time, the men drawing their stipulated wages and interest every Friday; but no books were opened, and there was no means of checking the position of the company.

Then came a Friday when Smith confessed that he could not pay the wages. This break brought the employees together, and they discovered for the first time that they were nearly all investors.

Demands for the return of their money were countered by a statement from Smith that such a course would mean closing down, whereas, if they would be patient, everything would be all right.

The next week the wages were paid, and the investors were lulled into complacency for a time.

But now Smith has disappeared with his belongings, leaving his employees minus several weeks' salaries in addition to the amount of their various investments. Even the rent of the nurseries is in arrears.

The Human Machine

Balanced Minds

ONE of the most valuable things we can achieve in life is balance—the ability to be contented and equable, to enjoy work and play, to go about our business cheerfully and efficiently, free from "nerves" and "temperament" and bias.

To be able to take things as they come is a great art. To be able to feel anger without exploding, to meet worry without collapsing, to keep an even keel between excitement and depression, is to have self-control and therefore to have power.

The measure of our real enjoyment of life is the measure of our success in keeping a sane adjustment between our emotions and our actions. A balanced mind is neither insensitive nor indifferent to what goes on around it; but it is never swept away through lack of thought.

We have only two choices—we can determine our own actions or we can allow them to be dictated by the force of circumstances. The only people who are driven are those who allow themselves to be driven.

So many fail to choose wisely because they are going nowhere in particular. They are ambling aimlessly along, not journeying to a definite goal. The essential key to balance is a clear knowledge of what we want and how we mean to get it.

Without that knowledge we cannot bring any sense of proportion to bear on our problems; and unless we can see things in proportion we are the merest drifters. For success depends on being able to distinguish what matters from what does not matter at all.

DO YOU KNOW?

America is waging a "Clear Out the Foreigner" campaign.

Britons in the U.S.A. are faring badly.

The new immigration racket threatens to rival the liquor racket in the extent of its bribery and corruption.

Thousands of deportation officials are kept in jobs by political wanglers who want their votes in the coming Presidential Election.

A medical examination at Ellis Island — they look into the immigrant's eyes when he lands in America, but they seem to disregard the mote in their own eye — a mote called "graft"

by JOHN COPPER,

the Author and Journalist who has just arrived in England after being ejected from the United States

DEPO

Goodbye, America! Part of a cargo of 500 aliens recently "ordered off" by Uncle Sam

A NEW racket, that looks like rivalling the notorious beer racket, is springing up in the United States, as a result of their "clear-out - the - foreigner" policy.

The United States, pressed hard by its gigantic unemployment, wants to get rid of its aliens. They make, I think, a dead set against North Europeans, especially the British.

But, then, I may be prejudiced. You will understand why when you have read my experiences, which arose simply because of my oversight in not having my passport visa renewed for another six months.

For this technical offence I was summarily arrested and thrown into two jails, where the conditions were appalling; and, finally, I suffered the scandalous indignities and hardships of the notorious Ellis Island.

I am a deportee, and yet what I suffered was negligible compared with what hundreds of other British subjects have to endure.

For I must hold the record for the promptness of my deportation.

From the time of my arrest until the day I saw the last of the much-boosted Statue of Liberty only a month elapsed. Yet others, less fortunate, languish in jails and at Ellis Island for as long as eight months.

My ordeal was bad enough; theirs must be an indescribably cruel suspense and hardship.

My troubles began in the State of New Mexico, on the afternoon of January 11 last, when the telephone-bell rang in the little house which served me as a headquarters in the town of Sante Fé.

I am an English author and journalist, and for months I had been engaged in describing the glories of America's Great South-west—"writing up" its quaint and kindly inhabitants, descendants of the Spanish conquistadores.

I was busy at work at my typewriter when the telephone rang. Little did I dream that before the night was out I should be thrown into a vermin-ridden cell in the local jail.

The voice at the other end of the wire was that of my friend, the local representative of the Associated Press of America.

"Come to the office at once," he said agitatedly. "A message has just come over the tape concerning your whereabouts. It's from the Federal Immigration Department."

Trapped!

I dashed out of the house, into my car, and tore through the winding streets to his office.

My face paled as I took the type message from him.

My brain was in a whirl, for I was trying to recall all I had read about the horrors of Ellis Island and the brutal treatment of immigrants and deportees by American officialdom.

There was the famous case of Lady Cathcart and numerous other prominent personages who had suffered mental and physical torture in the shadow of that mockery, the Statue of Liberty, which rears its brazen head only a stone's-throw from Ellis Island.

Then I fell to cursing my own stupidity for not having got the Department of Labour at Washington to renew my visa for another six months. I had technically broken the law by overstaying my time.

Someone, of course, had given me away for the "informer's fee."

I decided to leave Sante Fé at once and make for the Mexican border. I had just started my car when two shadowy forms emerged from behind some stunted pinon trees. I tried to reverse my car in the narrow road, but it was too late. The forms loomed into policemen—I was trapped!

I accompanied my captors to the Sante Fé jail, where I was locked in a "bull pen," a large, concrete room, which, as the grunts and snores in the darkness told me, contained other unfortunates.

A dirty straw mattress and one vermin-ridden blanket were thrown at me, but dispensing with the latter, I rolled myself in my coat and tried to sleep. Finding that impossible, I spent the night smoking cigarettes.

The Deputy-Sheriff called me into his office in the morning, and I was questioned about my passport oversight.

Two days later, I was taken to Denver, Colorado, where I was thrown into the county jail.

Jail horrors

I was passed into a huge steel cage which contained what the prisoners term "the tank," a second steel box, partitioned off into cramped cells, 10 ft. by 6 ft., each holding six prisoners, whose hammocks hung suspended in tiers from the walls.

The place was stifling and the odours nauseous, there being but one toilet for forty prisoners.

My entry was greeted with loud cat-calls, the usual outburst from American prison inmates when a new "bird" joins them.

The court was immediately convened, and I was fined two dollars for "breaking into the jail."

I was forced to sign an order form for this amount, the money being handed to the judge by the jail warden out of my personal effects in the prison office. This contribution went to swell the prison fund for tobacco.

Next morning a uniformed immigration official, dressed like a British Army officer, made me answer some fifty questions, on oath.

These he filled in on a form which I signed. He then told me that when the Department of Labour at Washington returned the official acceptance of my case, I would be sent to Ellis Island for deportation.

On making enquiries from fellow-prisoners, I discovered among them two haggard individuals who had been waiting eight months for deportation.

The same night a boxing contest and concert was held in the prison rotunda, which I watched through the steel bars.

The spotlight was then turned on to a murderer sentenced to die in the "chair." His item was a clog-dance.

Then Pearl Loughlan, a famous titian-haired, Colorado murderess, stepped on to the floor to sing a part out of "La Tosca."

Cattle-driven

That night, the bed-bugs and cockroaches played havoc with my sleep.

Six days later, with the local director of immigration, Mr. Strench, as my escort, I was put on a train and taken to Chicago. There the Transcontinental deportation train was waiting to receive its quota of deportees bound for Ellis Island.

More than five hundred persons of all nationalities—men, women and children, some babies in arms—packed the sixteen Pullmans to suffocation.

Poor, dumb-driven cattle, all walks of life, were represented in that motley throng! Armed guards, their revolvers bulging from their hip-pockets, guarded the doors of the coaches.

I discovered that the windows of one Pullman were strongly barred. Inside were the dangerous criminals and lunatics.

The cases of the remaining 450 deportees, however, were, in many instances, similar to my own.

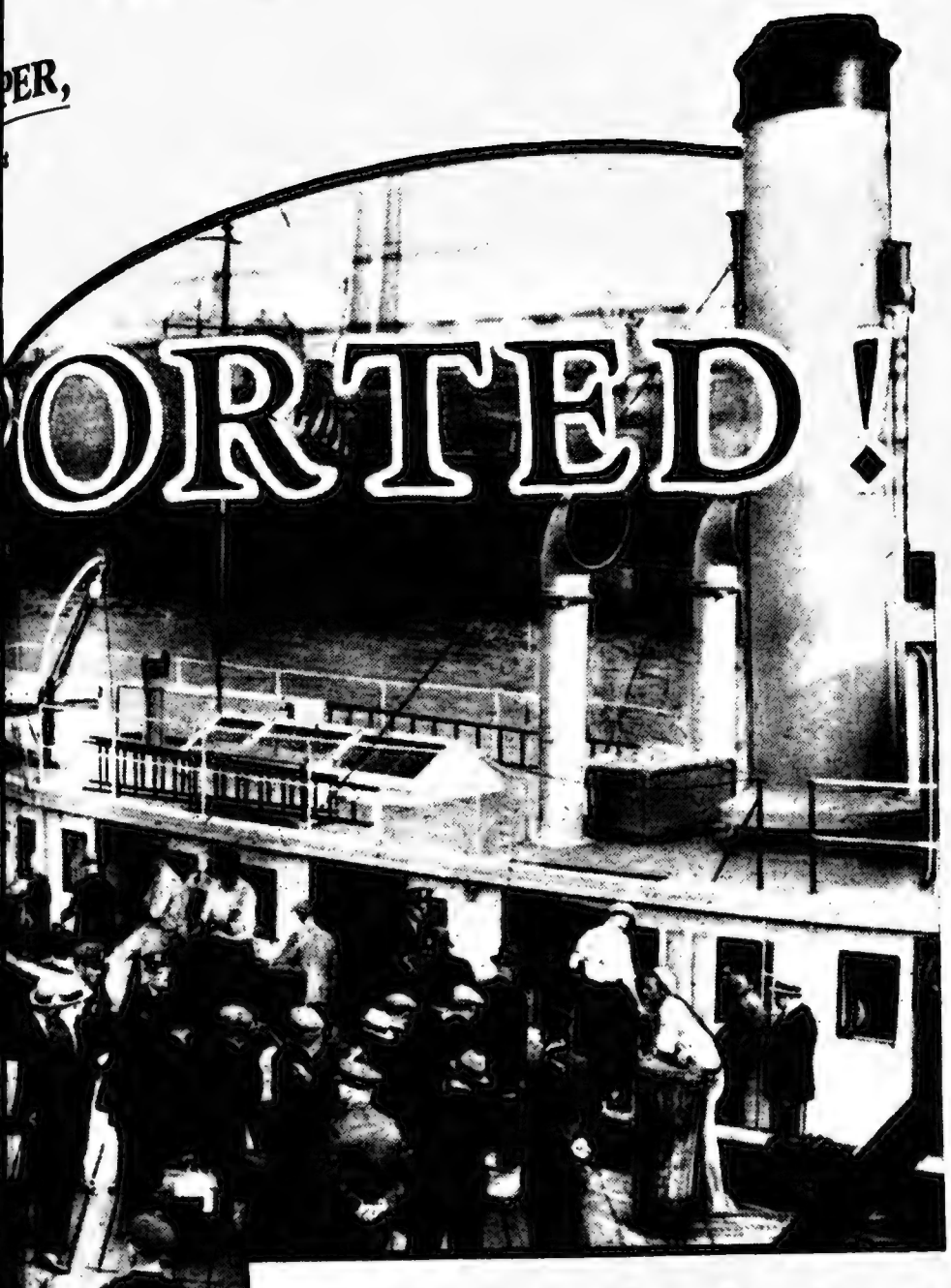
Trainload of tragedy

Others were entirely innocent of the charge of "illegal entry," their papers having been originally improperly or negligently filled in by inefficient American officials at various ports of entry.

A young Scottish couple were crying quietly in a corner seat. Owing to the terrible depression the husband had lost his job.

He and his wife had become a possible charge on the community in which they lived; but their child, a baby of two, having been born in the United States and thus an American citizen, had been taken away from its parents, and the poor couple were being sent back to Scotland minus their offspring.

We spent two nights on this train,



...ORTED!

—and didn't I know it!

500
Sam

the men doubling up, two in a bunk meant to hold one.

At long last we reached Jersey City, where a decrepit, wooden steamer was awaiting us. Some twenty minutes later, having passed the Statue of Liberty amid the hoots and jeers of the younger deportees, we berthed at the Ellis Island dock.

In a large room we answered to our names, called out by a Jewish guard; and, as we went through the door, tickets bearing a capital letter were pinned on the lapels of our coats.

I went to B, a large, white tile-lined room already crammed with men. There were 250 of them in a space meant for 175.

A babel of foreign tongues arose above the fetid reek of unwashed bodies. Money clinked on the tables at which groups gambled over various card games.

Soon, however, I was seized with internal pains, and, after a three hours' wait for a doctor, was bundled into the Marine Hospital. There I found the wards packed with stricken deportees. Even the centre isle between the beds was filled with cots.

I was asked my complaint, and was immediately tested, much to my indignation, for a certain disease. Then I was given a white card and sent to the clinic.

There a mob of men were having their blood tested. I enquired of a guard if this was compulsory. He simply winked an eye, so I made up my mind what to do.

I refused the stab in the arm. The doctor glared at me and sent me back to the ward.

I received no medicine to alleviate my pain, but just lay in bed for four days until it passed away.

I was then discharged and taken back to Room B. There a guard discovered that I should never have been sent to Room B at all—it was the criminal block.

And so I was taken to Room 222, where a number of British subjects, one a public school boy, escorted me to their corner of the room.

There were about forty of my own countrymen—some had been there for months—the remaining two hundred hailing from all parts of the world, including fourteen Chinamen. Quarrels between the various nationalities were a common occurrence.

Like the other two jails, Ellis Island is cockroach-ridden, and its officials are corrupt and incompetent. An entire lack of organisation was apparent. For two days they couldn't find my passport, and I decided to write to the British Consul and explain my case.

"Graft" whispers

Back came a reply that I should sail in the s.s. *Adriatic* on February 12. My fellow British deportees cheered my good luck, imploring me to publish their misfortunes in the English Press. I gave my promise.

And then, the day before I was to leave, two guards approached me, and, to my astonishment, asked me to expose their grievances in the British newspapers.

They told me exactly what was at the bottom of the deportation drive—just a huge racket to "clear out the foreigners" and keep thousands of officials, friends of politicians, in jobs, thus making them and their families firm supporters of the present administration.

The two guards reminded me that the Presidential election was just around the corner. Ten million men were out of jobs, and eighteen millions were working only three days a week.

The foreigners must be turned out, though the Government was well aware that it was impossible to stop the flow of illegal entries over the Canadian border, from Mexico and at the seaports.

As fast as you people are deported, said my guards, others are pouring in. And it's costing the Government a million dollars a day—about £100,000,000 a year at the present rate of exchange—to keep the Immigration Service going!

Then my informants told me of the double racket employed by minor officials on the Canadian and Mexican borders. These petty agents offered free entry into the States at a price.

But once in the States, many of these illegal entrants were immediately arrested, having been "railroaded" by the very same officials they paid to get them across the borders.

These officials thus collected both the entry fee and the deportation "informer's fee."

In New York State alone, I learned, there are a million illegal residents, and it would take years to deport them all.

My guards complained that they were underpaid and worked from 6.40 in the morning until 10 p.m., or even midnight.

Commissioner Uhl of Ellis Island. "He doesn't like the British," said the guard

Tell England!

"We're under-staffed," they told me, "and have two Germans, Commissioner Uhl and Chief Deportation Officer Schlaar, for bosses. Both of them were under the surveillance of the Secret Service during the war, and they don't like the British—it's all a political racket!

"Tell your people at home the truth, and urge your Government to order an enquiry.

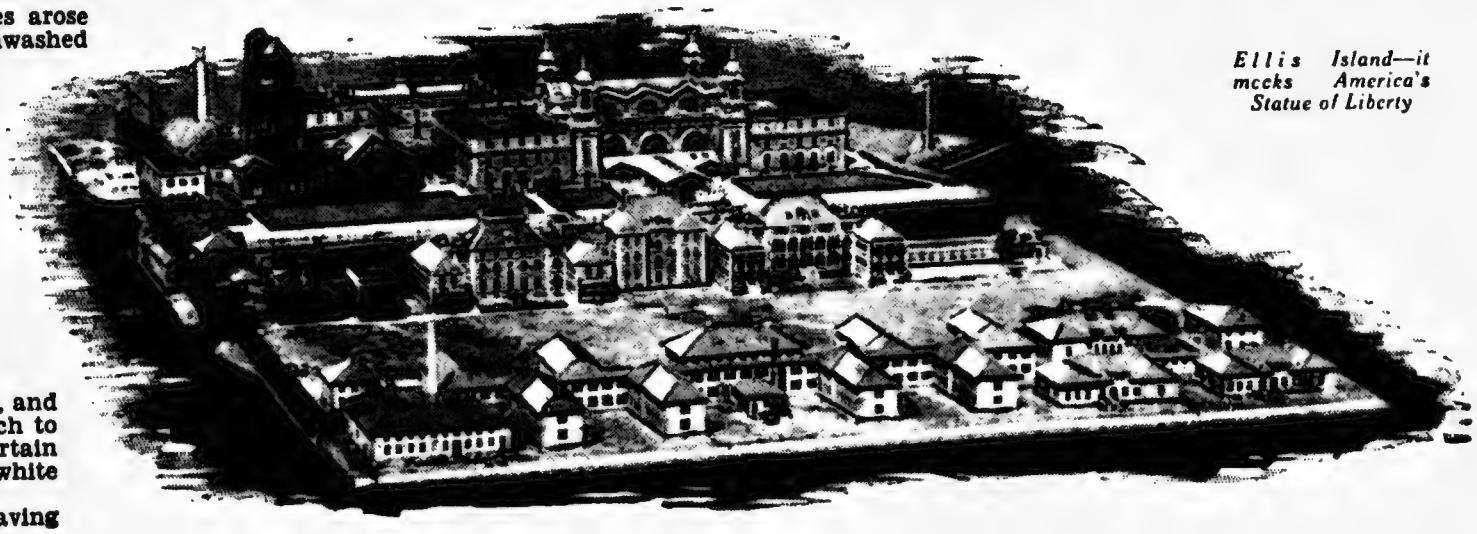
"We've seen husbands and wives separated in this very corridor, the men being deported and their American wives left to face the world alone."

I was lucky, for I was able to exert considerable influence, through friends, to speed up my deportation. I was arrested in New Mexico on January 11, and sailed from Ellis Island on February 12.

Yet, as I have said, some of my fellow-countrymen and country-women are kept in captivity for as long as eight months before they see the last of the mocking Statue of Liberty.

How long will it last—the scandal of this corrupt deportation racket? I wonder.

I can only hope that what I have written will play a part in bringing this cruel and inhuman injustice to an end.



Ellis Island—it mocks America's Statue of Liberty

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Don't go home without a packet in your pocket, and when you settle down by the fireside and light up you will be more than pleased that you took this good advice.

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JOURNEY'S OTHER END

by R. C. SHERRIFF

"MIND you," warned Trotter, "I can't guarantee anything. It's—what is it?—thirteen years now since it stopped. They've had all that time to clear up and put things straight. Maybe there won't be very much to show you now. In any case, it won't be like it was, after all these years."

"It'll be wonderful to see the dugouts and things," said Mrs. Trotter.

"That's just what I mean," put in her husband, "I don't know whether there'll be any dugouts now. But, as I say, I'm going to try my best to show you things. It's the boys I'm thinking most about. They oughter see round, before it's too late."

He paused, glanced down at his wife, stuffed his thumb into the bowl of his pipe, and lit a match. After a moment he strolled to the window and stood for a long time gazing into the garden.

Dusk was gathering in the sky beyond the houses on the other side of the road, but the days were drawing out now, and he had spent this last evening mowing the lawn and putting things straight against his departure.

THIRTEEN years ago! It was a long time since he had measured the span, and it almost frightened him to think that close upon a quarter of a lifetime separated him from that final, freezing night in France.

It had always remained so fresh in his memory. Muffled in their greatcoats, with ice-cold noses and aching ears, they had waited in the darkness, stamping up and down the rusty, old, camouflaged troopship, cursing the delay.

Many a time he had longed and prayed for that moment: the moment when he would be heading for the last time away from France; yet, strangely, all his irritation had left him and a lump had risen in his throat as they had crept slowly away towards the open sea.

For dawn had begun to glisten behind the ragged outlines of Boulogne, and he had stood silent among the scattered cheers that rose around him.

Why did it mean nothing to the others—to see the dawn rising for the last time over the dark, broken land where they had lived, and toiled, and fought?

More times than he could say had he watched that glowing light creep up behind the twisted wire of No Man's Land, silvering the dark, stagnant pools.

Home lay ahead; the dawn was something different there—something that happened silently and unseen beyond drawn bedroom curtains. Maybe he would never see the dawn like that again—from the bows of a creaking, weather-beaten old ship.

"I reckon I'd like to go back there one day—just for a nose round the old places for a last time."

A croaking laugh had come from the muffled figure beside him. "You're welcome. You can have the bloody place."

. . .

EVEN in the biting north wind he had dozed, and in his fitful dreams had come friendly faces, drawn and haggard in the light of star-shells, yet smiling, and bidding him good-bye. . . .

Trotter had not been a man to fumble long with the threads he had laid down four years before. Home, wife, his garden, and little Bert, who had arrived in the world three months before his last return; his old job waiting for him and some old friends coming back.

In a little while things were very much the same. Life was good—very pleasant—with slippers in the evening and unbroken sleep at night. And yet all through the years that followed, Trotter never went back upon the words he had spoken on the troopship as he had left France in the dawn.

An urge that he could never truly understand—a restless yearning—called him to go back again, to wander over the old ground once more and take a last look round the old places where he had lived and fought.

"The 'ole ought to be jus' about 'ere," he said

But little Bert was followed two years later by a small but lusty brother, christened Fred, and the air of Margate, to lusty babies, was more essential than the fields of France.

"I'll take 'em over there one day," said Trotter—"when they're old enough to understand."

And he grew fiercely and unreasonably angry sometimes, when he came upon pictures in his paper of "the battlefields to-day"—of lines of trim, cheap villas where the gaunt, black ruins had stood, and stretches of waving corn where trenches had wound across churned-up, deserted plains.

For he wanted it to be the same; he wanted to show Bert and Freddy the things he had known; he wanted to take them through old, grass-grown trenches and into twilit dugouts—to tell them the story of the men he had lived with in the broken woods. . . .

It was hard to believe, as he stood looking out on his garden, that the moment of his great adventure had arrived. People were passing up and down the road as they had passed for more than thirteen years, since the evening he had come through the gate with his pack and luggage. An age had passed since then.

Would his wife, and the boys, understand? Ought he to have waited, perhaps, until the boys were a little older. Perhaps he should have sent them off to Margate, and gone to France alone. Could a road over a hill, or a monument in a valley, mean anything to Bert at fourteen and Freddy at twelve?

It was too late to worry about that now; the bags were packed and the tickets in his pocket. For several years he had been putting aside a little regularly for this day, and even when the crisis had come, and he had found his money would not buy so much in France, he had still kept stubbornly to his plans.

"It isn't unpatriotic," he said, "to go to the battlefields."

And in his heart he knew it was now or never—he knew that sometimes he felt the urge failing and that in a year or two he might not feel the impulse to go.

He had arranged to land at Boulogne instead of Calais because Boulogne had always been the place of his arrival, and he wanted, as nearly as possible, to retrace his steps.

Boulogne, too, would take him by train past Etaples, and from the windows he would be able to show the boys the place where he slept his first night in France.

Then to Bethune, where his early trench warfare days were spent—then southward to the place that mattered most of all. . . .

* * *

"LOOK at those funny men!" shouted Freddy.

"Those're French sailors," said Trotter. "They're——"

But his words were cut short by the plunging of propellers and a clanging bell. A rope whizzed through the air, to fall on the quay and squirm off with a splash into the water.

"They've missed!" shouted Bert. "Look!"

The rope was out again, dripping on the deck; it hummed through the air once more, and fell into the hands of a fat, excited sailor.

The passengers had gathered in a crowd round the gangway, and the foremost were already filing on to the quay, before Trotter gave a start, and turned. With a trace of embarrassment he gathered the bags and led his family to the fringe of the waiting crowd.

It was not often that he was caught by daydreams, for the present and the definite things around him were usually his

(Continued on page 28)

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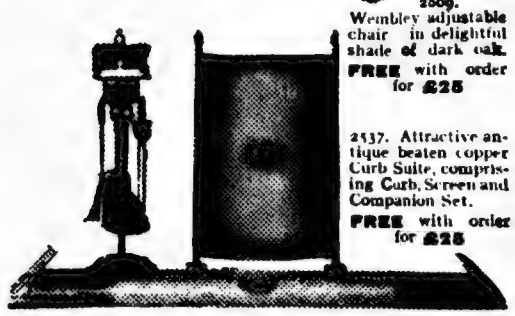

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JOURNEY'S OTHER END—*Continued from page 24*

Trotter Finds Himself a Stranger in No Man's Land

world, but as he had glanced away from the sailors who wrestled with the ropes his eyes had fallen on the broad, cobbled trackway that skirted the station and swung round towards the town.

A few nondescript porters shambled to and fro, and shabby piles of crates and baskets littered its sides, but the sight of the trackway, glittering in the sun, sent Trotter's memory leaping over the years, far beyond the winter dawn of his last leaving to a spring morning when he had stood there, with his coat flapping round his knees, with men stretching in a long line to either side of him—white kitbags beside them, home behind them and the war ahead.

Limbers had rattled by, anxious officers in coloured armlets had hurried to and fro; the whole place had seethed with life and adventure—this deserted place with one or two shambling porters and its piles of derelict boxes. . . .

"Tickets, please! The yellow cards, please!"

"Sorry," said Trotter, and the family, hurrying behind, collided with his back like a line of shunted goods-trucks, as their father belatedly fumbled for his tickets.

Phantoms

EVENING had fallen before the turmoil of Boulogne was left behind and the train had gathered speed as it came to the sand-dunes of Etaples. It threw long shadows away from the sunset, but the barren little hillocks beyond caught the pale glow now and then.

"That's Eatapps," said Trotter; "place where we used to stay a day or two before going up the line."

Here and there, in the parched, sandy grass, he thought he could see the circular, heaped-up ridges where the tents stood; the lines upon lines of tents that had made this deserted, almost forgotten, place the biggest canvas city in the world.

Once they passed a dark, old hut standing in a hollow as if it had been missed by the giant broom that had swept away the vestiges of war—and then the train had passed into a ragged fringe of wood, and Etaples had gone.

"Fancy you having to live in a place like that!" exclaimed Mrs. Trotter.

The train roared through the night. Mrs. Trotter followed her boys into a restless doze, and Trotter sat watching them, wondering how he could ever explain, and fearful lest his pilgrimage, after all his years of waiting, should be a hopeless failure.

His wife had said those words, just for something to say. Etaples had meant nothing to her—even the boys had looked with expressionless eyes, and turned once more to the exciting foreign advertisements in the opposite fields.

Yet from that fleeting glimpse there came to Trotter the far-off music of mouth-organs, the squelching rhythm of muddy boots, marching down the endless lines—muffled figures and swinging lanterns—the Last Post floating out with all its infinite sadness over the dark huts and the silent plains around them.

There came, too, the memory of hope—the memory of his first pride as a fighting man in France.

Lost Shadows

STILL, it had been a wonderful day for the boys—a wonderful day for them to talk about when they went back to school—that crossing through the misty sea . . . and the cakes in the teashop in Boulogne. . . .

It was his own fault if he felt dispirited and sad. His imagination had built up a picture of the battlefields as he wanted them to be; he had not made enough allowance for time.

France was foreign again—it was no longer the corner of England that he had known; he should have been prepared for the stony indifference of the Frenchmen in Boulogne—it was their country, after all. He and the men he had lived with here were shadows—just a few shadows that had passed across this country years ago.

Near to midnight a forlorn little English family, with sleepy, wondering eyes, crept into their beds in the battered, old hotel behind the station of Bethune, and listened, for a while, to strange foreign voices murmuring below.

There was a time when motor-coaches toured the battlefields, and passed along old No Man's Land as frequently as a 'bus service between English country towns.

But those days have gone now, for those who came merely from curiosity can now see little to reward them. The pilgrims only remain, and pilgrims make for secret places, remote from the tracks of the casual tourist of ten years ago.

Transport is difficult to-day, for those like Trotter, for some of the places he wished to visit lay remote from the main roads. The efforts of a travel bureau had done a little to help him, and it remained for him to do the rest.

Bethune was to be his centre for the first part of the tour, and Bethune next morning dispersed the depression that had weighed upon him on the night before. It was a beautiful, early summer morning, and before breakfast he walked out alone towards the square.

Smooth, new cobbles rang under his stout walking-boots, and the freshness of the air thrilled him to the sense of his adventure.

The same kind of people were taking down the same kind of shutters that he remembered so well, and, although the town had been all but destroyed in the last year of the war, the spirit of old Bethune still lingered in the alleys, where a few old buildings, patched and scarred, still told their story to passers-by.

Rays of memory shine over the past, lighting up unexpected little peaks, leaving the mountains in the shade. One little corner of Bethune had remained in Trotter's memory: the bootshop at the corner of the street that led eastward from the square towards the trenches.

To many another man this corner remains lit up in memory, for in the bootshop, all through Bethune's first years of torture, served two very lovely girls, whose beauty became legendary from Belgium to the Somme.

Weary, mudstained officers, freed for a few hours from the line, would go, strangely excited, to this shop and buy a pair of bootlaces to feast their eyes for a few fragrant moments on a scene that brought to them the memory of another world.

Excited, almost fearfully, Trotter crossed the square. There was the bootshop in the distance—not the same building that he had known—a different, new building, but even from a distance he could see the shoes that decorated its windows.

Time, the Foe

HE had long thought of this moment; he had even determined to go boldly into the shop and buy some laces again, for the loveliness of those girls had haunted him.

His heart gave a bound as he approached the door, for someone was just coming out. But it was not one of the girls; it was a stout, comely woman near or passing forty.

She gave him a shy half-smile as he passed, then turned her attention to the window she was dressing. She was gone by the time he had turned at the corner, and he paused irresolutely on the kerb. Perhaps the girls were inside—and yet—could it possibly be?

He almost laughed aloud at his stupidity—what a fool he was! Had he really forgotten that it was fifteen years ago?—fifteen years ago since he marched southward to Bapaume?

* * *

"It'll be a four-mile walk," said Trotter; "we're going up the line now—just the way we used to go."

They had left the 'bus on the outskirts of Vermelles, and were walking between the dreary mining cottages that had been the frail haven of many a resting company in years gone by. Little had changed here, except that shabby women stood at street doors where only men had lounged.

These little houses had never been entirely destroyed, and bright new tiles glared down from the pock-marked walls. Clouds of dark smoke hung above the pits to either side, though Trotter had only seen them in the past as silent, brooding slag-heaps.

In Vermelles he pointed to new red-brick houses that had risen over the cellars of his memory, and led his family up the grass-grown lane he knew so well—that ended on the silent, open plains of Loos.

He could have walked blindfold to the old, red wall with the hole in it. The hole had given entrance to the great communication-trench that led for two miles across the plain.

Scars had gone—

HE was confident of finding that trench, for surely, in such wild, neglected country, no hand would have taken pains to fill it in? His heart quickened: there lay the wall ahead—new pieces gleaming in it here and there—but the same old wall.

"The 'ole ought to be just about 'ere," he said.

But no hole remained. A patch of new brick where the hole had been, but no trench—no sign of trench. He tiptoed and gazed over. Before him lay a trim cabbage-patch and a few lines of young, stripling apple-trees. A dog barked, and a woman looked suspiciously from a house.

"We'd better go across the open a little way," said Trotter. "We'll pick the trench up where the plain begins."

They reached the end of the lane—and there before him, to his astonishment, lay a field of fresh, green corn.

For a moment he could scarcely believe his eyes; he had prepared himself for rebuilt houses, new roads and smoothed-out land where cultivation must have been before the war, but no mind-picture he had ever made had given waving corn to the barren plains of Loos.

A narrow track lay round the field, and as Trotter began to follow it, a man

(Continued on page 28)

HOBSON— *Our Choice!*

The story of "Hobson's Choice" has become known in stage, film, novel and broadcast versions, and its popularity shows no sign of waning.

In our next week's issue readers will have the opportunity of meeting Hobson again in an amusing short story that has been written at our special request

by HAROLD BRIGHOUSE

"HOBSON'S Choice' began with its name. Stanley Houghton, Iden Payne (director of Miss Horniman's company) and I sat together discussing phrase-titles. "Hobson's Choice!" said Payne. "That's a good one which hasn't been used. Houghton and I looked at each other; two playwrights and one title. We tossed, and Houghton won.

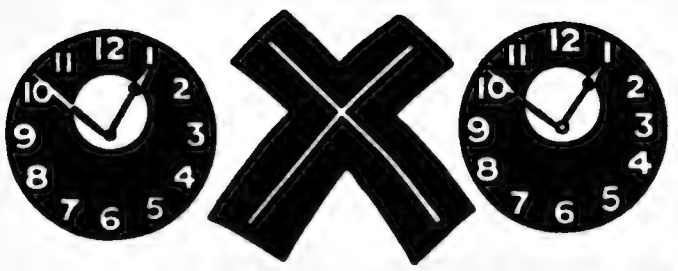
Hobson, as portrayed by Norman McKinnel

Years later, Houghton having died, his father gave me his notebooks, and in a list of unused possible titles I found "Hobson's Choice." It seemed to me necessary to do something about it. Eventually, in New York, Iden Payne directed the first production.

The other week the play scored a double. It was broadcast, and on the same day was mentioned at Licensing Sessions.

Learned counsel, applying for a wine licence for the Moonraker's Inn, Salford, said the house had become historical since reference had been made to it in "Hobson's Choice." Licence was granted. No wonder.

IT'S TEN TO ONE YOU'RE THINKING OF



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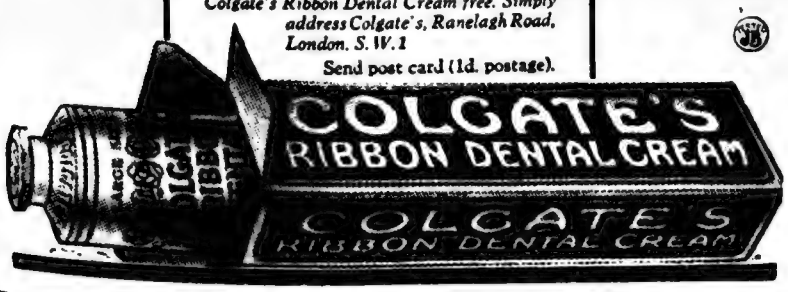

"tired out?"

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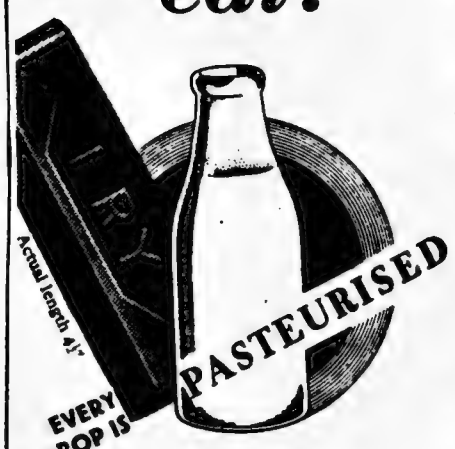

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WHAT A YEAR I've Had!

The two Scalas: now and a year ago

by MR. SCALA

(Winner of the Irish Grand National "Sweep" last year)

IT is exactly twelve months since I won what was, until then, the greatest sweepstake prize in history, and everybody acclaimed me the luckiest man in the world!

Grakle had come first in the Grand National, and I, who had worked hard all my life for every penny I earned, found myself entitled to a hundred thousand pounds!

That was one-fourth of the £354,544 prize, plus what I had made by selling the other three-quarters of the ticket.

Can you wonder that I promised myself that life was henceforward going to be well worth living, that I'd never again have to worry about what next year would bring forth, that I'd be the happiest man alive!

But, alas! life did not turn out for me like that.

I said from the witness-box during the long-drawn-out law-suit in which I was engaged that "I would not like to go through all my experiences again for half a million."

In fact, I determined never to buy another "sweep" ticket, and although pressed to do so by a nurse a few days ago in Dublin, only consented as a contribution to the hospital, and gave away the ticket.

The great prize, so far as I am concerned, proved to be an alluring fruit with a bitter core. I have tasted more than enough of the bitterness of it—enough to make me hesitate before I would wish any friend of mine the luck of winning the next big prize.

One of the first revenges which, it seemed, Fate took against me because of my good fortune brought tragedy to one branch of my family.

My brother-in-law, an honest, hard-working man, who had hitherto earned a bare living for my sister and their children at a factory in Turin, was sent for by his employer and told he was discharged.

"You belong to a rich family now," he told him, "and you must make way for a poorer man."

He and his family were reduced almost to penury, for they had very little saved. My brother-in-law was too confident and good a craftsman to imagine that he would ever fall on evil days.

It was sad enough for me that such terrible hardship should befall them, but ten times worse when I told myself that it was I who, in all innocence, had dealt them this crushing blow.

YET, bad as this news from Italy seemed, there was far worse to follow.

One of the things I promised myself in the first flush of my success was a visit to my homeland—a holiday with the dear mother I had not seen for seven long years. How we would talk, she about the people I had all but forgotten.

Alas! I shall never see my dear mother now. After suffering the joyous shock of surprise at my winning, then the blow of hearing that the money was withheld, and finally learning that I had won after all, she was taken from me.

No sweepstake prize could ever compensate me for the loss of her.

The torture of those sleepless nights between learning that I had "drawn a horse" and being dazed with the news that my horse had won!

I lost my peace of mind. I might have lost my health, too, if I were not an exceptionally robust man. My wife, who is not very strong, has not been so lucky.

She, poor soul, has had all my troubles to share, and others of her own besides. For instance, she was sent a postcard warning her that she mustn't leave the house, as an attempt was going to be made on her life by stabbing or poison.

It was an ordeal to her, too, to see the police control the crowds that surged round the little shop that had been our home and livelihood for many years, when they heard that I had won a fortune, and again when they learned that the payment of prize-money had been stopped.

What anxiety that meant for me. Would I be out of pocket over my good fortune? Would my share of the world's biggest sweepstake prize be more than eaten up by expenses?

All I had drawn was the £10,500 paid for a three-quarters share in my ticket. I was entitled to £88,000 of the withheld £354,544 prize—but how easy it would be for legal costs to eat up my £10,500.

My telephone bell, which began ringing as soon as Grakle passed the post, had not stopped.

My mail had become as large as that of a big business company, nearly all the letters being of a heartrending type from people who wanted money. They still come in their thousands.

HUNDREDS of people regarded me as a fool—they were the most annoying of all the plague of correspondents One could direct me to a famous Spanish treasure if I would pay £2,000 as half-share of the expenses. Another had the secret of eternal life, but could not recover it from the stable in which he had locked it unless he got £100.

Others posed as friends. "Poor, dear Mr. Scala," they wrote, enclosing money towards my legal expenses.

I did not guess at first that these were sprats to catch mackerel.

Friends!—as if I had not learned how thin and threadbare friendship could be. I am not referring to people with whom I have been in litigation I mean jealous friends.

They were all right while I was comparatively poor, but it was too much for them when I became better off than they. They began to say untrue things about me, or reveal information I had given them as confidential.

Against them, thank heaven, I can put old friends who have shown the real qualities of friendship.

Even the money itself has proved false to me. More than a quarter of my winnings will have melted away by the time the last penny is in my hands

Much of that loss is due to legal expenses. The rest is accounted for by the depreciation of the stocks into which the money at issue was put by order of Mr. Justice Meredith.

And yet to-day there are six million people hoping and praying that they will win prizes in the Grand National sweepstake this year.

Shall I wish them good luck? It would, I think, perhaps be kinder if I were not to do so. Anyhow, if they do win, I wish them better luck than I've had!

"JOURNEY'S OTHER END"

— *continued from page 26*

appeared from somewhere and excitedly waved him back.

"J'étais ici pendant la guerre," said Trotter—and he rolled the oft-rehearsed words carefully and proudly off his tongue.

For a moment the man stood irresolute; a little light seemed to come, his dark scowl faded, and he pointed sullenly to the path.

* * *

Very hot and tired were the family as they climbed from the 'bus and dragged their aching feet back to their hotel. The day for Trotter had been filled by the surprise of disappointment, lit now and then by treasured gleams of triumph.

For once he had strayed into a stretch of tangled undergrowth beside the Hulluch Road, and suddenly before them lay a great, gleaming mine-crater in the chalk.

For half-an-hour they had sat on the edge while Trotter told the story of the men who hacked and listened at the tunnel face—how once he had helped to lay the explosive for such a mine, and watched the vast mushroom-shaped cloud of soil rise in the air.

Towards evening they had passed a little farmstead, and he had pointed excitedly at some chickens wandering lazily in and out of a German concrete pill-box. A crater and a pill-box; little enough for a full day's exploration.

But as the days went by Trotter learned to adjust himself—to wipe out the fantastic pictures of his imagination and replace them with reasonable understanding and thought.

Except for small fragments that remained in memoriam, the trenches had gone as surely as a lash across the surface of still water.

On the last evening—in the fields beyond St. Quentin—Trotter and his wife, with Bert and Freddy, said good-bye to the battlefields.

They stood in a lane that wandered through meadows like their own home, hallowed so deeply in Trotter's memory that no words would come to him. He could only jerk his head towards a little mound that rose from the wild tangle of flowering gorse, and say, "The dugout would have been somewhere under there."

A farm cart came slowly up the lane, creaking behind two mud-stained, sleepy horses, and the driver looked curiously down at the strange little group that leant against the gate.

A summer mist was rising off the fields as they turned to walk back to St. Quentin, and the silence whispered to Trotter that the pilgrimage had been worth while.

To sleep SOUNDLY at night is the way to keep energetic

MR. H. R. STONE, who deals in antique and modern furniture, writes: *"A man with a responsible job has a heap of anxieties these days, what with increased taxation, higher rents and fierce competition. I often couldn't sleep for worrying. However, lately, I have been turning in on a drink of hot Horlick's and I don't mind saying it makes all the difference between a good night's rest and a bad one."* *87, Chester Terrace, S.W.1*

IT is only during the hours of sleep that you can build up energy for the day ahead. Yet just now, with money problems to face, anxieties and perplexities of all kinds, it is hard not to worry, especially when you get into bed at night.

As your mind becomes more active so the likelihood of rest diminishes. And when at last you drop asleep, it is only to sleep lightly and wake early *still tired* and unable to sleep again.

Scientists tell us how important it is to sleep *soundly*. Only when mind and body are completely relaxed in sound sleep, they say, can your system make good the stores of used-up energy.

YOU CAN MAKE *SOUND* SLEEP A HABIT

There is a simple way to make sure of restful sleep — a way that doctors themselves use and recommend — drink a cupful of hot Horlick's Malted Milk last thing at night.

Horlick's is made from full-cream cows' milk and the nutritive extracts of malted barley and wheat. Because it is partly pre-digested during manufacture it is extremely easy to assimilate. As you drink this delicious food-drink its comforting warmth penetrates your whole system. You feel nourished, *soothed*, mentally and physically, and are soon asleep.

Chemists and grocers everywhere have Horlick's in sealed glass bottles in four sizes, also the handy Horlick's Mixer, small size 6d., large size 1/-. Horlick's Malted Milk Co. Ltd., Slough, Bucks.

HORLICK'S

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★ JB

BRITISH THROUGHOUT

FALSE TEETH WORRY ENDED

How to forget the new denture

It is a fact only too painfully apparent to everyone who has false teeth that the first few weeks—or even months—of wearing the new denture is a period of continual discomfort and irritation. Never, it seems, will you get used to this mouthful of nasty-tasting, slippery, composition, chafing your gums and your tongue alike. The fact that the denture is well made and well-fitting, does not, unfortunately make any difference, and in the case of those who have had all their teeth out at once, the contrast between one's former and latter state is painful indeed. Few discoveries can have brought so much extra daily comfort to thousands as that which has now put an end to this misery for ever. A simple way brings absolute relief within reach of all. All it involves is the soaking of the denture at night-time (or for half an hour while you dress) in a solution of half a tumblerful of water and half a teaspoonful of Milton. When you put your teeth in again after this, you will hardly recognise them. All that nasty feeling of holding something in the mouth which has no business there is done away with—the plate feels natural, easy and comfortable in the mouth, and in a few days you are able to forget its existence. It is important to realise at the outset that there is no possibility of Milton doing any harm to your denture unless it is made with bare metals —the use of which is now condemned by all good dentists. JB

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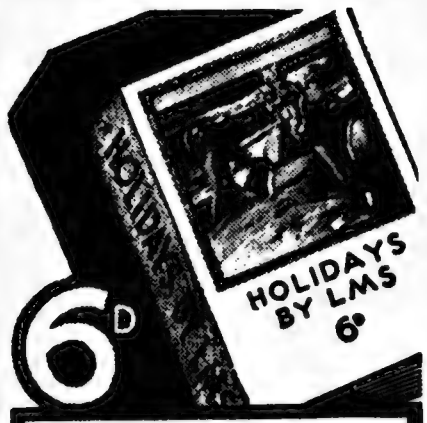

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HUMAN DOCUMENTS: *PHILIP INMAN cautions you—*

TRUST HIM —But Not TOO FAR

Take the genial stranger's proffered hand but don't lose prudence in the shaking

THE other day I met an old friend. He had altered greatly since I last saw him. He used to be approachable, friendly, the soul of generosity; now he seemed hard, bitter, suspicious of everyone.

I asked him what had wrought the change. And after some hesitation he told me.

He was smarting from a series of sorrows. His girl had thrown him overboard for a man with more money. He had stood as surety to a school chum who had decamped, leaving him to foot the bill. A business colleague had betrayed an important confidence he had entrusted to him, and, as a result, he had lost his job.

"The beastly part is that I trusted them implicitly," said my friend, "*and they have all let me down.*"

No wonder he had become cynical. To have faith in someone, and to have that faith rudely shattered by the person concerned, is one of life's bitterest experiences. And that has been the lot of many of us.

I wonder if it is partially our own fault? Is it possible to be "too trusting"? Is there a limit to the confidence we ought to place in other people?

The Cad Spurns—

The answer to all these questions is a decided "Yes."

Take this letter from one of my correspondents, a girl of twenty-five. She writes:

"I am in terrible trouble. For two years I have been keeping company with a young man and I am going to have a child in June. My parents have turned me adrift, saying that if I remain at home my disgrace would ruin them.

"Though I felt this keenly, I had one consolation—I believed that my young man would stand by me and see me through my trouble. But he has not been to see me nor written to me for over a month, and my last letter to him was returned unopened.

"Yesterday, after some difficulty, I managed to waylay him, but he was very sharp with me and cruelly said he never wanted to see me again. I feel broken-hearted, as I cared for him so much that I would have let him wipe his feet on me. I feel I can never trust anyone again."

This poor girl has had the misfortune to become attached to a "rotter." But her present plight is partly her own fault She made herself too cheap. She let her young man see that he could "wipe his feet on her," and he took advantage of her weakness.

If a man really cares for a girl and is worthy of her trust, he would never do anything that would place her in a false position. That is the true test of real love.

Now this girl is smarting for her folly. In her bitterness she says, "I can never trust anyone again." That is always the first cry when one has been hurt. But one bitter experience should not be allowed to colour the whole of life.

Because a taxi-man has "done you" for sixpence, it would be grossly unfair to condemn all taxi-drivers as dishonest. And there are decent fellows in the world notwithstanding my correspondent's experience. I hope she will be fortunate enough to find one.

In the meantime, she must bring that young man of hers to his senses. If he deliberately shirks his responsibilities, a solicitor will know how to deal with him. A price has to be paid, and he must share it.

And here is another kind of trusting problem. It comes from a man who is an out-of-work platelayer, and who has been unemployed for nearly a year.

"The other day," he says, "a friend introduced me to a man he had met casually, and who said he was a foreman on a G.P.O. platelaying job.

Doubly Robbed

"He was looking for a man to take the place of one who was ill, and he wondered if I should like to take the job on. I nearly jumped with excitement when told I could start work that night.

"As he said it was too late for him to get home and back before ten o'clock, when he resumed work, he asked if he might rest at my house. I have only two rooms, and I have three young children, and he would not get much peace there, so I took him to my mother's place.

"He had tea, and then he advised me to go and rest for a couple of hours before starting work. So I went home, arranging to return to him at eight o'clock.

"When I got back my mother met me with a long face. It appears that this fellow had asked her to lend him some money for a tape-measure, and she, thankful that I was starting work, lent him a pound out of the money she had put by for the rent.

"He did not return. My mother's rent-money has vanished, and I am still out of a job."

I am sorry for my correspondent. He, too, has met a rogue. The prospect of work after a prolonged period of idleness is enough to throw anyone off his balance. But to lend money to an absolute stranger is sheer foolhardiness.

If my correspondent tells me that if the money had not been loaned he might not have got the job, my answer to that is that he has not got the job and his mother is a pound worse off. That rogue, if he had been in the position he said he was, would never have stooped to such a practice.

The method he employed is the notorious one of the confidence-trickster. I hope he will be caught and given his deserts. To rob anyone is a crime, but to take from those who cannot afford it is the act of an utter cad.

In our dealings with others there are two extremes to be avoided. Some people believe in trusting everybody—others nobody. They are both wrong.

Mutual confidence is the basis of all the best relationships in life—that between husband and wife, lover and maid, master and servant, friend and friend.

But trust must be tested and proved. To believe in people blindly is the essence of folly.

"NEVER trouble Trouble," says the adage, "till Trouble troubles you." Then tell "Humanist" all about it. Write to him and enclose a stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid to the sender of each letter quoted on this page.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

EDGAR WALLACE'S *Plea*

"WE look to you to enable us to continue our charitable efforts to heal wounds and lighten the burdens of the poor. As things are at present, we are unable to assist any but the most pressing cases of necessity, and we have a heart-breaking task every week in deciding which of the many submitted are most deserving of help. Again we plead, help us to help the helpless."

So wrote no less a man than Edgar Wallace some ten years ago when he pleaded on behalf of the "Greatest of These — " Fund.

And because these words of his are just as true to-day, though he is no longer with us, as when he wrote them, we think that his thousands of admirers could not do better than send a contribution in his memory to this fund in which he was interested.

As testimony that the fund does do all it can to "lighten the burdens of the poor," we quote a letter of thanks from a mother whose case, under the heading, "The Empty Grate," appeared recently:

"Our heartfelt thanks to those who have so kindly given in our aid. It was a god-send to us. There will be no waterman now to face, because I can pay. I have also straightened the doctor, who is worth his weight in gold; he has been so good to my boy.

"I have also paid the insurance, and with what was left I bought a good deal of bedding and some boots for the children.

"We also sent daddy (he is in a sanatorium) a little, and some socks. He will be so pleased, because he knows the struggle I have had. He will be over the moon with joy, as it has lifted such a lot of worry off our shoulders."

Alas! there are many still waiting for their burdens to be lifted.

To quote Edgar Wallace again: "Help us to help others. Every penny sent to this great humanity fund is spent in the cases we help. Haven't you a spare bob?"

All "spare bobs" should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged by post where names and addresses are given.

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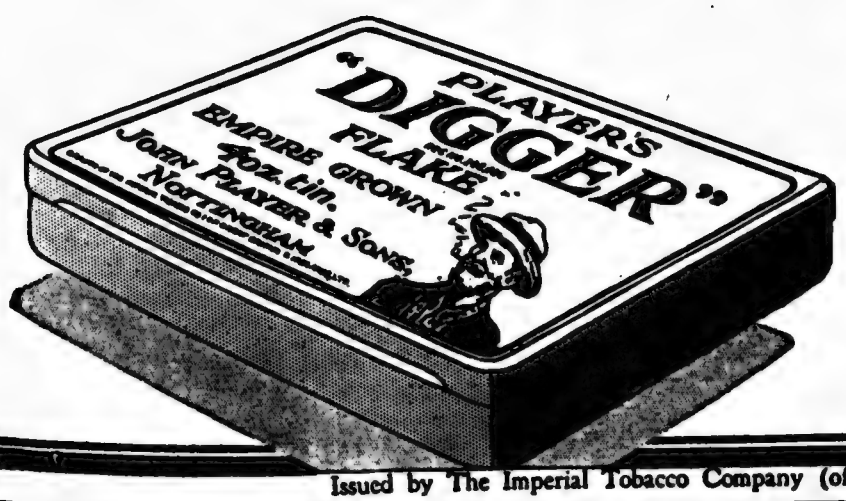

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Potter's CATARRH PASTILLES

A Chinese gun team with its white leader (third from the left)

The LEGION of Lost Ones

by George Edinger

WANDERING over the face of the earth there is a race of men and women for whom the world can find no use so long as the world is at peace.

To these, of whom Mr. Kipling wrote, "The legion of the lost ones—the cohort of the damned," the war in the Far East, which all steady-going and far-seeing people regarded as a disaster that cannot be overstated, came like the manna which fell from heaven for those other wanderers, the children of Israel.

These "lost ones" are the men and women who found scope for their qualities in the topsy-turvy world of 1914 to 1918, but whom the war has left unsettled and uprooted, and those like them who have inherited the restiveness of the war years, and cannot find their place in the normal scheme of things.

The call of war

They do not belong to those for whom there is no work. There never could be the right kind of work for such as they.

They were all right in the war world—some of them were all right in the pre-war world—the world of princes and of privileges. But this dull world of 1932 does not seem to want them.

Then they saw a chance again. The Chinese battle-front lured them to it like a mighty magnet. Once more they saw, or hoped they saw, their peculiar qualities highly prized again, and from every corner of the earth the legion of the lost ones turned its face towards the barricades of Shanghai.

The Chinese armies have long had their draft of German instructors, of ex-officers of the Imperial Army.

At the head of them, for a time, until his mysterious death, was Colonel Bauer, who had learned the art of war under Field-Marshal von Ludendorff.

But during the last few weeks the Chinese War Office has been inundated with offers of help from German and Austrian officers, and many of them distinguished officers at that, who were often flung by the Armistice from their post in a high command to a place in a queue outside a food-kitchen.

I remember meeting one of these men in Vienna in 1920. He had commanded an Army Corps on the eastern front, and he told me how, at an American Red Cross kitchen, he had met his Russian opponent, now a Tsarist refugee.

The other day they were fighting side by side under the banner of Chiang Kai Shek.

Then there are those restive spirits in Canada and the Western American States—airmen, racing motorists, speed pioneers of a dozen kinds who would like to form the Chinese Air Force—men like Lieutenant Short, who was lately shot down in a duel with three Japanese airmen.

What is left of the old La Fayette Escadrille, the volunteer force of United States airmen which fought on the French side in 1915, was said the other day to be about to cross the Pacific.

And from the number of volunteers who have made enquiries at the Chinese Legation in London it looks as though many restless young men were eager to cross the Atlantic as well as the Pacific.

These people are always turning up anywhere and everywhere.

I met one in a village on the Adriatic last year, a man of over seventy, smartly dressed, with perfect manners and a fluent command of five languages.

"But you do not come from this part?" I ventured.

"No," he said in perfect English, "although I try to live as a Dalmatian guide, I am neither a guide nor a Dalmatian. I used to be director of one of the largest banks in Petrograd. But all I saved from the Russian Revolution was what is left of my life."

And then there was the garage worker who adjusted a defect of my car at Pola. He, too, spoke English beautifully, and I wondered whether he had ever been in England.

"Oh, yes, I have many English friends."

I tried to discover a mutual acquaintance, but he seemed to have confined his attentions to Royal Princes and Admirals of the Fleet.

"What were you doing?" I asked at last

"Commanding a battleship in the service of the late Emperor Francis Joseph," he replied simply.

Very different in appearance, and yet fundamentally of the same type, is the frail little woman who went into the headquarters of one of the political Parties before the General Election and asked whether there was any work for her.

"Something that will take me about a lot," she explained rather shyly. "You see, I find that it is very difficult for me to sit still in one place for any length of time."

A bill for succour

"But do you think you are strong enough to move about in the sort of job you speak of?" asked one of the organisers doubtfully.

"Oh, I think so," she said. "You see, I was looking after a district as big as Kent in the Caucasus during the Russian famine, and later, when I was in charge of relief work for the League of Nations in the typhus epidemic in Poland, I had to move about a great deal."

Even so, she cannot have moved much more than the man who, in a café at Tarragona last summer, asked me whether I could get him an orangeade to give him the excuse to sit down.

"I've been on my feet for thirty-six hours," he explained. He was an Englishman, but he had not seen England since he left it with the Naval Division in 1915. Interned in Holland for most of the war, he worked his way by odd jobs to Spain.

"The worst thing I ever did was clearing up the Chemin des Dames for the French," he said. "Plenty of chances to pick up a live shell, and the French don't pay too well."

He had one good job—heaven knows how he got it!—as foreman of a gang erecting pavilions at Seville for the South American Exhibition, and one really terrible experience when the Spanish police took him up, fed him and lodged him overnight and presented him with a bill in the morning.

"Wouldn't the Consul send you back?" I asked.

"Yes, he would, but I don't want to go back till there are more jobs and less vagrancy laws."

"I wonder what I can do?"

"You can get me an orangeade so I can sit down for a few minutes, and to-night I'll board the Barcelona goods-train. I hear they're doing some dredging in the harbour there."

Tongues that can't tell

I could do more than that, I told him. If he told me his experiences I could perhaps make a story and sell it to the newspapers, and then I would send him half the profits to any address he would care to name.

I took him back to the hotel and gave him a warm meal. He hadn't had a warm meal for many days and he had never seen the inside of a hotel in his life.

But he couldn't tell a proper story of what he had seen or done. It is the tragedy of our literature that these people never can.

There are many like him—restless, roving spirits who never can stick in any one job, pegs that are always the wrong shape for any hole that happens to be empty.

Five hundred years ago they would have been companions of Columbus—the rulers, maybe, of fabulous kingdoms.

Even to-day some of them may carve out a short-lived empire like the White Russian adventurer, von Steinburg, did in Mongolia just after the Russian Revolution.

But the odds are heavy against all these unwilling gamblers in the game of life. The only thing that will find a place for them all is another war.

Going, Going . . . !

This is your last opportunity to win £20,000 for sixpence, and help the hospitals!

The great national contest, organised by the British Charities Association to give urgently needed support to the hospitals, closes on Saturday, March 12.

Turn to pages 4 and 5, fill in the entry form and post it at once.

"Honestly, Mummy, I'm no cry-baby

. . . but chafing makes me so sore!"

NURSE DAVIS, C.M.B., *of London's leading lying-in-hospital, has cared for so many lovely babies. She insists on using "Vaseline" Jelly to prevent chafing.*

IT'S not his fault, the little darling, if he's all cross and upset some days. Napkins and moisture so soon irritate delicate little skin. No wonder he's unhappy. He's sore and chafed . . .

It's so easy to keep baby happy. Smooth a little "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly on the parts susceptible to irritation, every time baby is changed. It forms a protecting layer against moisture — keeps delicate skin smooth and comfortable. If chafing has already occurred, "Vaseline" Jelly will soothe the tender surface and hasten natural healing.

No nursery should be without its precious jar of "Vaseline" Jelly! Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, Willesden, London, N.W.10.

Trade Vaseline Mark
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An Easter Free Gift Offer.

Turn to Drage's Special Easter Offer on p. 25. Full list of a hundred gifts is contained in the Easter Gift Book which can be obtained Free by filling in the Coupon in the advertisement.

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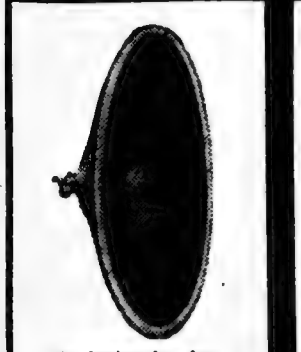
The Zonophone 'Big 3' Kit-Set

Illustration shewing how neat and compact the set looks when assembled.



The loudspeaker has a special cone and is of the compensated reed type.

THE FINEST RADIO KIT-SET EVER PRODUCED

Never before has there been a Kit-Set so complete and compact—so simple to assemble—so efficient in performance—as the Zonophone Band Pass 'Big 3.' Made by "His Master's Voice," it represents the finest value ever offered to the home constructor. Check up these outstanding features—many never before obtainable in a Kit-Set.

ABSOLUTELY SELF-CONTAINED

Chassis, valves and loudspeaker are complete in a beautiful and well-finished walnut cabinet. In other Kit-Sets the loud-speaker is a separate unit, but in the 'Big 3' it is part of the instrument itself.

COMPONENTS CAREFULLY DESIGNED

High efficiency metallised Marconi valves for detector and low frequency stages. Marconi pentode valve in the output stage. Loudspeaker specially matched to output valve, and of compensated reed type. Valve holders mounted in one piece ready for connection.

EVERY PART TWICE TESTED

Each component is tested during manufacture and again tested before it leaves the great "His Master's Voice" factory at Hayes.

AMAZING PERFORMANCE

Wide tuning range on both long and short waves—without use of a plug-in unit or coil-changing. Programmes satisfactorily separated near high-power transmitters in close proximity. Life-like reproduction — amplifier is resistance capacity coupled and specially matched to output valve. Battery consumption extremely low.

ASSEMBLED IN 3 HOURS

You—your family—anyone can build the 'Big 3' in under 3 hours! There are no wires to cut, no soldering, no drilling. Every step in construction is made simplicity itself by an explicit instruction book. Multiple cable assembly is provided—fully colour coded. Many components have their wires already attached. On this set it is practically impossible to make a mistake in wiring or to get an accidental short circuit. *All work on the chassis is completed before it is inserted in the cabinet.*

YET LOOK AT THE PRICE!

6 Guineas buys the 'Big 3'—complete with loud-speaker and valves. Or it can be obtained by an initial payment of 14/6 and 12 monthly payments of 10/-... at the rate of only 2/6 a week.

Price does not apply in the Irish Free State.

The

ZONOPHONE BIG 3 KIT-SET

SEE IT—HEAR IT!

Ask any wireless dealer to show you the Zonophone 'Big 3.' Or fill in this coupon for descriptive leaflet together with the name of your nearest Zonophone dealer.

COUPON The British Zonophone Co. Ltd., 367 Oxford Street, London, W.1. Please send me free, descriptive leaflet of the Zonophone Band Pass 'Big 3' Constructor's Kit-Set.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

No "morning blues"

FEELING happy and fit, and thoroughly warmed through, she goes off to school with a smile.

You see — she has a big cup of Rowntree's Cocoa every morning for breakfast — that's the secret.

She has one for supper, too. She likes it — says it tastes scrumptious —just like chocolate.

"FINEST THING FOR GROWING CHILDREN"

say the Doctors—

"It is essential that growing children should have proper diet, and doctors recommend Rowntree's Cocoa because it contains important minerals such as iron, calcium, phosphorous and other nourishing food elements.

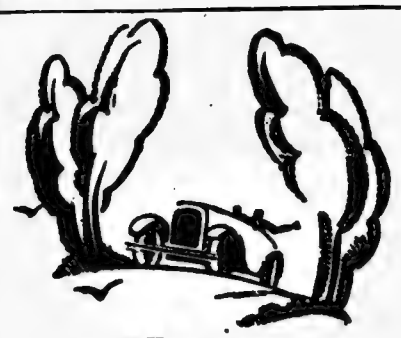
ROWNTREE'S COCOA

BRITISH MADE

AND BRITISH OWNED

3 Free Gift Coupons in every ½-lb. tin

CO 423-36



Have your battery tuned up for Easter

Exide

WILL DO IT AT NO COST TO YOU!

At any time until Easter, at any Exide Service Station, you can have your car or motor cycle battery, *whatever its make*, thoroughly examined, tested, terminals cleaned and greased, 'topped up' with distilled water to correct specific gravity, and generally tuned up—*free*. If your car is not licensed, the Exide Service Station will send, wherever possible, an expert to inspect the car battery in your garage—*free*! The Exide Agent is recompensed for this service by the Exide Company.

When the time comes for a new battery, your garage can supply the Exide—the world's most tried and trusted battery.

Fill in this voucher—it's worth 2/6

Give it to an Exide Service Station

This voucher entitles you to have your battery examined and tested by an expert, 'topped up' to correct specific gravity, terminals greased, and generally tuned up at any Exide Service Station. *This involves you in no expense or obligation of any kind. The Exide Service Agent is recompensed for his service by the Exide Company. The voucher is valid from Monday, March 14th, to Saturday, March 26th, 1932* 19A

Name.....

Address.....

.....

My $\frac{\text{motor cycle}}{\text{car}}$ *is a*.....*H.P.*.....

Exide Batteries, Exide Works, Clifton Junction nr. Manchester. Branches: London, Manchester Birmingham, Bristol, Glasgow, Dublin, Belfast

N101

A Company has been Registered . . .

Cradle OF THE FORTUNE HUNTERS

"I name thee ——," says the drab, grey building, and another scheme is launched to throw a dice against wily Father Neptune

BEHIND the prosaic legal language used in the registration of companies and corporations at Somerset House, London, are stories of adventurous enterprises that read more like fiction than fact.

For that drab, unromantic-looking building in the hub of London is the birthplace of the wildest business gambles and queerest undertakings—just as it is the cradle of the greatest organisations in British trade and industry to-day.

Records of new ventures are added to the quarter of a million dusty volumes stored in the vaults beneath the Strand at the rate of thirty every working day.

During last year alone no fewer than 8,385 concerns were launched, with an aggregate nominal capital of more than £58,000,000.

Yet not more than a third of their directors will realise their hopes. Not more than one-half of the nominal capital will ever become hard cash—the balance is composed of mythical millions upon which neither interest nor dividends can ever be paid.

Companies are formed for every conceivable purpose.

The smallest is an estate agency with a nominal capital of a halfpenny, divided into two shares of a farthing each.

Another, registered a month or two ago, has a capital of a pound split up into shares of one penny.

The largest and most successful is the Imperial Chemical Industries, whose share capital of £95,000,000 is divided among 170,000 men and women—a vast organisation employing 45,000 workers.

Guns—and grocers

Another great undertaking is the Bankers' Industrial Development Company, Ltd., started two years ago with a capital of £6,000,000. Sponsored by the Bank of England, its purpose is to assist amalgamations in the iron, steel and coal industries.

The earliest companies were those formed by merchant adventurers who colonised New England, Virginia, Newfoundland and many of the West Indian islands.

The Steelyard Society of 1232 A.D. carried on business where Billingsgate Market now is.

Most of the ducal estates are administered by unlimited companies registered in the usual way. The late Earl of Warwick was the first to take this step, but his example was soon followed by the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Hartington and Lord Zetland.

The great Tower at Blackpool, famous as a landmark and an amusement centre, is owned by a public corporation with a share capital of £452,500.

A Liverpool company is interested in the supply of ammunition to the Republican Government of Chile, in South America.

The small grocer, like the coffee-stall proprietor and the vendor of fish and chips, is usually content to register a company with a capital of £100 or less, thereby minimising the payment of capital tax to the Board of Inland Revenue.

He frequently appoints his wife a co-director and distributes the shares among his sons and daughters.

Shirts off!

The man who knows all about company registration is Mr. J. C. Hassell, a director of Jordan and Sons, Ltd., of Chancery Lane, W.C.

He will tell you of an enterprising woman who turned her business into a limited liability company and named it the "Mrs. Brown's Little Teashop, Lunches Too Limited." And a miner's deputy who set up on his own account called his the "Strip-and-at-it Colliery, Limited."

Other companies incorporated with unusual titles include the Human Fly-paper Company, Limited; Yewsful, Limited; the Tea Cup Inn, Limited, and Dogs' Baths and Requisites, Limited.

Since the days of the South Sea Bubble companies have been promoted by the score with objects as impracticable as that of the Laputan philosopher who formulated a plan to extract sunbeams from cucumbers.

Many investors will remember the concern which was formed a year or two ago with the idea of extracting gold from sea-foam. Thousands of credulous people subscribed money in the hope that they would become "sea-foam" millionaires.

The sea says "No"

During the last serious illness of the King, it was reported that he had been benefited by water obtained from medicinal springs. Encouraged by these reports, certain enterprising individuals got busy, and two companies were formed within a week for bottling and marketing spring water!

A company was created to raise the ships sunk by Nelson in the Bay of Aboukir at the Battle of the Nile, but, like the majority of the treasure-hunting schemes, it failed.

One of the most determined efforts made in this direction was that for which Captain Sanglands, of Old Windsor, was responsible in 1869. After several years spent in research work, he formed a partnership with an admiral of the Spanish Navy and founded the Galleon Treasure Venture, Ltd., with a nominal capital of £100,000.

The purpose in view was the raising of the twelve ships sunk at Vigo in 1702 by the English Admiral Rooke and the Dutch Duke of Ormond. The ships are still there—a tempting bait to some modern adventurer who may think that, with up-to-date apparatus, he can succeed where others failed.

£100 a look

One unusual company was promoted with the object of inventing a machine capable of "flying through space"—presumably to the moon.

Twenty ventures were launched in a fortnight in London in 1897 for providing sightseers with a view of the Diamond Jubilee procession. One man sold a seat in a window ten times over for a hundred pounds a time. And the window didn't belong to him!

The list of these amazing enterprises is as endless as human ingenuity itself. Nothing seems too fantastic to attract the company promoter.

Most of these financial bubbles burst. Others turn into colossal undertakings, the first pages of whose romances are written in the dusty files of Somerset House.

HOLLYWOOD "CATS"

Show their Claws

THE confessions of Mary Nolan, artist's model, "Follies" sensation and film star, now appearing in the greatly enlarged *Picturegoer* become more amazing each week.

In the number out to-day she narrates what happened when the "cats" of Hollywood showed their claws and spread stories of love, piracy and drug-taking.

Is it true that happy marriage and screen success cannot go hand in hand? Read "Cupid in Fan Chains"—it will make you *think*.

BIG BILLS TO FACE

"With such big bills to face it's quite a treat to find something so economical as Mansion Polish. A little goes a long way and makes the floors so beautifully bright."

Mansion Polish

your Stained or Parquet Floors and Linoleum. They will look so much brighter.

For dark woods use Dark Mansion.

Tins 6d., 10½d. and 1/9. Large Household Tin containing 2 lbs. net, 3/-.

Chiswick Products Ltd., Chiswick, W.4.

"Sunshine" Blonde

Is the "Sunshine" Colour in Your Hair?

Every lady with fair hair should try the marvellous Beautifying Power of HARLENE Camomile GOLDEN HAIR WASH, which produces that rare ASH BLONDE effect and imparts a Glorious Light Gold "Sunshine" Touch to Fair Hair.

HARLENE Camomile GOLDEN Hair WASH

is a dainty Preparation which transforms dull hair into a "halo of sunshine," and has started a new fashion known as "Sunshine" Blonde. Try it AT ONCE and bring out the true beauty of your fair hair. Price 1/3 and 3/- per bottle.

FREE

A free sample for you to try will be sent on receipt of 3d. stamp to

EDWARDS HARLENE LTD., (J.B.1) 20, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.

"Oh! that Corn!"

Drop a little 'Freezone' Corn Remover on that aching corn—*instantly it stops hurting*, then shortly you lift it right off with your fingers! Doesn't hurt one bit! Your chemist and all branches of Boots', Taylor's and Timothy White's sell 'Freezone' Corn Remover at 1/3, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn or callous, quickly and painlessly. *Three 'Freezone' Corn Rings free in every package.*

Ryders SEEDS

New and old customers are ordering generously this season. The phrase—

HEAVEN for TWOPENCE

was used by one of our customers on seeing a bed of flowers raised from one of our 2d. packets. You will have a like experience if you sow RYDERS SEEDS. Practically all seeds, even the choicest varieties in 2d. packets. Send a postcard to-day (affixing 1d. stamp) applying for our Catalogue.

RYDER & SON (1930) LTD.

St. Albans

Simple to Build—Simple to Buy.

Turn to the Zonophone offer on p. 33.

Every Man—a Handy Man

IF YOU have been hard hit by wage reductions or any similar evil of these hard times,

the ALL-BEST-BRITISH

G.T.L. GUARANTEED

TOOL CHEST AND HOME REPAIRING OUTFIT

will help you not only to SAVE money and thus keep down expenses until things are better, but also to *MAKE* money. For instance, it will enable you to

DO THOSE "ODD JOBS" YOURSELF

—those hundred-and-one little repairs and renovations that are so essential in the home and yet so expensive if outside help is called in—and to make numerous useful articles of furniture for yourself and your friends.

NEVER HANDLED A TOOL BEFORE! THAT DOES NOT MATTER

for in every G.T.L. GUARANTEED TOOL CHEST there is a valuable Free Instruction Book which tells you in plain, straightforward language just how to do these jobs, while over 200 working illustrations SHOW you, step by step, how they are done. Moreover, the G.T.L. GUARANTEED TOOL CHEST will help you to

MAKE YOUR LEISURE HOURS *PLEASURE* HOURS

and hours of profit, too, in addition to the satisfaction of being able to say: "I made that myself!"

FOR A FEW SHILLINGS DOWN

the G.T.L. GUARANTEED TOOL CHEST is sent to your home straight away, a strong, serviceable chest containing 50 GUARANTEED SHEFFIELD TOOLS, each carefully tested, and secured with neatly fitted steel clips—a tool for every purpose—and the Instruction Book mentioned above. The balance can be paid by small monthly sums to suit your convenience.

DO THOSE

ODD JOBS

YOURSELF

AND SAVE

MONEY

FREE A BEAUTIFUL 24-PAGE BROCHURE describing the G.T.L. GUARANTEED TOOL CHEST and Home Repairing Outfit in detail, and telling how you can save and make money—as tens of thousands of others are already doing.

POST THIS COUPON NOW!

(½d. *stamp is sufficient if in an unsealed envelope*)

To GUARANTEED TOOLS LIMITED,
114-116, MARYLEBONE LANE, LONDON, W.1

Please send me by return, free of all cost and obligation, your beautiful illustrated booklet of the G.T.L. Guaranteed Tool Chest and Home Repairing Outfit, together with particulars of price, and how I can obtain it at once for a small first payment.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

J.B. 1/32. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

WHY MARRIED WOMEN LOSE THEIR LOOKS.

Even if you have all the cares of a household on your shoulders, you needn't lose your looks. Work and worry only affect you because you take nothing to counteract them.

If you find yourself giving way to worry, find your looks going, your nerves getting "jumpy," take a glass of Wincarnis at 11.30, another in the afternoon and one before you go to bed. You'll feel the benefit almost at once. The very first night you will sleep better than you have for years and wake up refreshed and reinvigorated. Your nerves will trouble you no more. In a few days your looks will begin to come back.

For Wincarnis, which has the vitamins and strength-giving elements of beef and malt extracts added to the valuable properties of the purest wine, actually creates rich, new blood. It soothes jaded nerves and builds up fresh strength. Over 20,000 recommendations have been received from doctors who have proved its value for anæmia, weakness, debility, and a host of other troubles. Try it to day.

NEW TREATMENT KILLS STOMACH PAINS

AT last the whole medical profession is agreed on one subject. All over the country, in the clinics and all the leading hospitals, they are using what is known as the Maclean formula. It is curing all sorts of stomach troubles, even serious cases such as Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers, and now you can get the original Maclean Brand Stomach Powder at any chemist ready packed for your own use. Now if you suffer from acid stomach, wind, flatulence, or pains after eating, you can get just the same relief as if you went to a great hospital.

Do not lose any time, try it to-day.

But be sure you get the genuine article under the exact name, Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. If your chemist is out of stock, send 2/- direct to Macleans, Ltd., Park Royal, London, N.W.10. Special Note: To get the genuine Maclean Brand Powder see the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN"; it is not sold loose and is only obtainable in 2/- and 1/3 cartons. The former containing double the quantity at 6d. less than double the price. Also packed in tablet form for convenience in travelling, etc.

THE BIG TWO

Send for "The Big Two"

LONG ODDS PRICE LIST

FOR THE

LINCOLN

AND

NATIONAL

A

COMPLETE SERVICE

FOR EVERY CLASS OF BET

STARTING PRICE

Single Events—No Limit, Win or Place, Favourites, Jockeys' Mounts, "Any-to-come," Owners' and Trainers' Selected, Doubles, Trebles, Accumulators, Systems all accepted.

TOTE ODDS—Win, Win and Place, or Place only.

The Official Tote Daily Double.

FOOTBALL

Fourteen 'Challenger' lists to choose from.

FIXED PRICE LISTS and LONG ODDS TOTALISATOR

Nothing Barred, Nothing Starred in the Six Divisions of the English and Scottish Leagues.

to agents THE BIG TWO Send direct

DAVID COPE

& ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD.

227 BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.2.

THE PRICE they put on LIFE

At all costs the little ones must be saved, for who would ask: "What is that child's life worth?"

by LORD LUKE

Chairman of the British Charities Association

IT is strange what varied values people put on their own lives. I have just been talking to the secretary of a leading London hospital, and he should know.

Not long ago, he told me, they saved the life of a very pretty young woman. Her fiancé must have computed her value at something very high, judging by the engagement ring she wore.

Yet the sum she gave the hospital for her life wouldn't have paid for a handbag.

She is an exception, of course. People who are not really poor cannot expect hospital treatment. But in spite of the Almoner's care they occasionally get into the wards.

* * *

There are thousands who cannot give enough as a mark of their gratitude, and who would give ten times more if they had it to give.

"Ten years ago a slum child died in one of our wards," my Secretary friend told me. "The father hasn't yet stopped paying for the fight we fought in vain. He is so poor that we hardly like accepting his postal-orders. To him that slum baby was worth more than the universe.

"One man whose life we saved told us he wasn't worth tenpence, but that he'd find us ten pounds somewhere. And we got it—after a time.

"So that we wouldn't think he had resorted to burglary, he enclosed a list of odd jobs he had done in his spare-time to get the money. The value of men like him is beyond price.

"We have had the poorest people give us more than we spent on them—people who have the same idea about the value of life as ourselves—that it can't be assessed in mere money.

"Yesterday we spent £30 to save the life of an errand-boy. If £300 had been wanted, it would have been found."

My friend reminded me of one of the most touching stories related by the late Lord Knutsford, the St. George of the London Hospital.

Poor people desperately anxious to make some return for their treatment were enlisted in a Forget-Me-Not Association. They undertook to stick stamps on cards and send them to the hospital funds when the fifty squares were filled.

Often and often the cards were returned with the stamps steamed off—but coppers to the value of the missing stamps were always found in the envelopes.

* * *

The stamps had gone in times of awful poverty. But the first thought when money came was—the hospital.

There is more than there seems in the story of the widow's mite—these little sums do mount up.

In 1930 the patients in London hospitals subscribed more than a million pounds towards their treatment.

Wonderful! But, unfortunately, the cost of running those hospitals that year was nearly four million pounds.

Remember that a patient costs about £5 a week — babies, strangely enough, just about the same as giant labourers. It is far more than the average person's salary.

And so our hospitals are called upon to give ninepence for twopence, and do so cheerfully.

Ninepence for twopence!—and the country once laughed because it thought ninepence for fourpence was impossible.

Some of our most famous surgeons and physicians are, of course, giving thousands of pounds' worth of service—for nothing. Otherwise the hospitals wouldn't be able to scrape through at all.

And now there is a new miracle of figures in the picture, one that may mean everything to you. No less than £20,000 for sixpence!

I am told that full details will be found on pages 4 and 5 of this issue. I hope *you* win.

* * *

No, there's no mistake about it, as you will see. The £20,000 might be given to you for your sixpence, the sixpence you give to help to buy lives.

This is your last chance, however. The final day for the receipt of entries is, I see, Saturday, March 12. Delay may cost you that £20,000.

MY CUP FORECAST

Selections for March 12—by Our Football Expert

ENGLISH CUP.—Semi-Finals.

(1) CHELSEA v. Newcastle. (At Huddersfield.)
**(2) ARSENAL v. Manchester City. (At Aston.)

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION I.

(1) Liverpool v. SHEFFIELD U.
(2) BOLTON v. Birmingham.
(3) WEST HAM v. Derby.
(4) GRIMSBY v. Blackburn.
*(5) LEICESTER v. Blackpool.
(6) MIDDLESBROUGH v. Sunderland.
*(7) WEDNESDAY v. W.B. Albion.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) STOKE v. Leeds.
**(2) WOLVES v. Barnsley.
**(3) HOTSPUR v. Bristol City.
(4) BRADFORD v. Notts.
(5) BURNLEY v. Port Vale.
(6) CHARLTON v. Swansea.
(7) Chesterfield v. BURY.
(8) Manchester U. v. PLYMOUTH.
(9) Forest v. Oldham.
*(10) PRESTON v. Millwall.
(11) Southampton v. Bradford C.

THIRD DIVISION (Southern).

(1) NORWICH v. Fulham.
(2) Orient v. BRENTFORD.
*(3) Q.P. RANGERS v. Gillingham.
(4) BOSCOMBE v. Luton.
(5) BRIGHTON v. Southend.
(6) Bristol R. v. COVENTRY.
(7) CRYSTAL PALACE v. Cardiff.
(8) MANSFIELD v. Reading.
*(9) SWINDON v. Thames.
(10) Torquay v. EXETER.
*(11) WATFORD v. Northampton.

THIRD DIVISION (Northern).

(1) Tranmere v. Lincoln.
(2) Rochdale v. GATESHEAD.
(3) CARLISLE v. Halifax.
**(4) CREWE v. Walsall.
(5) DONCASTER v. New Brighton.
(6) Rotherham v. Chester.
(7) SOUTHPORT v. Barrow.
(8) STOCKPORT v. Hartlepools.
(9) WREXHAM v. Darlington.
(10) YORK v. Hull.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

*(1) Celtic v. MOTHERWELL.
(2) Dundee U. v. RANGERS.
(3) Airdrie v. THIRD LANARK.
(4) COWDENBEATH v. Dundee.
(5) HAMILTON v. Clyde.
(5) Hearts v. St. Mirren.
**(7) KILMARNOCK v. Leith.
(8) MORTON v. Aberdeen.
(9) PARTICK v. Ayr.
*(10) QUEEN'S PARK v. Falkirk.

Probable winners are set in CAPITALS. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks, and next best with one.

OUR FIVE-STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home and *A* for away team.

Example Code: Div. I.—7(*H*); Div. II.—3(*H*); Southern Section—9(*H*); Northern Section—2(*A*); Scottish League—7(*H*) would indicate Wednesday, Hotspur, Swindon, Gateshead and Kilmarnock.

Race with Silver Ring

GO TO JERICHO!

BY the time my next notes appear the Flat campaign will be in full swing. I make no promises, but see no reason why the Code selections should not equal the record of 1931.

It will be recollected that in one month we landed "doubles" at 80 to 1, 54 to 1, and 48 to 1. The same information will be available for the new season.

Now for the Lincoln and National. My black-lettered selections for the Carholme event, given weeks ago, were Diolite, Jericho and Ghost Train, and I am standing on this trio.

The recent spin that Diolite and Jericho had together cannot be classed as a trial, but the re-shuffling of the London betting in favour of Mr. Whitney's horse showed that Anthony's charge gave satisfaction. In an endeavour to place the first three, I suggest:

JERICHO, DIOLITE, GHOST TRAIN.

Note Gay Fop for the "Brocklesby" and Hetaira for the Lincoln Plate. Both are good trial winners.

In view of Drintyre being scratched from the National, I have to fall back on another selection. In the circumstances I am of the opinion I cannot do better than divide my interest between two entrants whose chances are very bright: VINICOLE or REMUS.

These jumpers have recently given perfect exhibitions of fencing, and that is the main requirement at Aintree.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, March 10, to Wednesday, March 16.

T A N G Q K P D C X Z H J S M L

89 87 86 85 84 83 V B R E F I U O Y W

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald*, read those above or below.

85C8783WX would read GRAKLE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. S89287L87 would read OTTAWA.

WHY WE GET INDIGESTION

Do you know that when you suffer pain after eating or get some other form of digestive disturbance, the trouble is almost certain to arise from excess acid in the stomach? This acid attacks the stomach lining, makes food ferment and causes painful gases and still more acid to form. Unless promptly counteracted the excess acidity will develop into serious stomach trouble and may even cause ulcers. The only sure way of banishing digestive trouble is to neutralise the excess acid that is the underlying cause and this is most quickly and surely done by taking after meals a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia which any chemist can supply at 1s. 3d. a package. All trace of excess acid is instantly neutralised, fermentation is stopped, pain and discomfort disappear and normal digestion is restored.

WHY ANÆMIA IS SO COMMON.

Anæmia has ever been one of the most prevalent ailments amongst our girls, and to-day mothers find their growing daughters still subject to its insidious influence. Some authorities, in fact, say that anæmia is more common than ever.

This is ascribed to the fact that nowadays the schoolgirl's life is much more strenuous; her studies are a severe tax upon her strength. Also, girls enter business soon after leaving school—just at an age when they need the greatest care. Their womanly development is often hindered by work and hurried meals.

If you find that your daughter's strength is failing, and pallor, breathlessness, backache and languor disclose her anæmic state, remember that you can make her well and assure her healthy development by giving her Dr. Williams' pink pills. These pills have restored thousands of languishing, anæmic girls to complete health simply because they create new rich blood which banishes anæmia.

Give your anæmic daughter Dr. Williams' pink pills now and watch how soon the pink tinge of health will return to her cheeks. Of all chemists, 3s. 0d. box; but ask for Dr Williams'.

FREE. "Nature's Warnings" is a booklet that every girl should read. Send p.c. to C.G. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1, for a free copy.

THE LATEST FROCK BARGAIN

THIS
Two-Colour
Wool Crepe
FROCK

2/-
WITH ORDER.

The latest mode is to have the top of the Frock in contrast to the remainder, and the charming dress here illustrated carries out this two colour effect in heavy Wool Crepe. It is neatly trimmed with silk embroidery to tone, and there is a black patent belt at the waist line. Skirt is made full by means of a large inverted pleat.

We will send you this Frock at once on approval for first payment of 2/-only, and balance of price may be paid by monthly instalments, if preferred. (See Coupon.)

Don't miss the opportunity — post Coupon NOW

COLOURS : Black/Green, Black/Red, Brown/Orange, Navy/Saxe.
SIZES : (Lengths) 40, 42, 44 and 46 ins.
OUTSIZES : 44, 46 and 48 ins. 3/- extra.

K. 174. BARGAIN COUPON.

Please send me, on approval, Wool Crepe Frock, No. K.174, at present Bargain Price of 17/11.

Length.....Colours.....
If outsize required, please state "O.S."

I enclose 2/- deposit, together with 6d. for postage, and will pay balance of price either in one sum or by monthly instalments of 3/6 or more. If not satisfied, and I return the Frock at once unworn, you will refund my deposit.

Enclose Coupon with name and full address and Postal Order crossed thus / /.

Overseas and Irish Free State, full cash only.
John Bull, 12/3/32. No. 569.

Post your Order to—
AMBROSE WILSON, LTD.,
509, Ambron House,
60, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

Stop that cold with

VAPEX
INHALANT

The three-way treatment

Stopping a cold with Vapex is a pleasant and scientific treatment of this common and dangerous ailment.

Vapex inhaled from your handkerchief clears the breathing passages and destroys cold germs before they settle in the warm passages of the nose and throat. A drop of Vapex on each end of your pillow gives you comfort and protection while you sleep. A drop on your cigarette brings the healing vapour into direct contact with the posterior nasal passages. Vapex grows stronger upon exposure to the air. You can feel its strong antiseptic vapour penetrating the deep recesses of the nose and throat.

It is so simple to stop a cold the Vapex way.

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-
(*Double quantity in 3/- size*).

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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. All goods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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Proprietors of "John Bull."

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PERMANENT RELIEF.

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If you are a sufferer—Get a Bottle To-day

Vitadatio SEND FOR FREE BOOK of TESTIMONIALS

available for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d extra in Great Britain only. Special £1/- bottles containing 3 weeks' supply, for export only, post free from VITADATIO, Ltd. 121, Armley, Leeds

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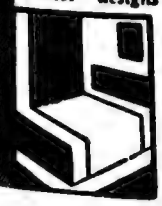

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on EASY TERMS

2/6 WITH ORDER and just your promise to pay gets

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Size as shown below: Householders in England or Wales can secure on first payment of 2/6

3 yards x 3 yards of Catesbys Cork Lino

(costing £1 8 9), the world's most famous floor covering. Rest of bill to be paid 4/- monthly. For terms of other sizes see pattern book. Carriage Paid Great Britain. Satisfaction Guaranteed or money refunded at once.

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is the happy position of the wife with Catesbys Cork Lino on the floors. As if by magic—a pass of a fairy wand—a dingy room that wouldn't look nice anyhow becomes beautiful and cosy. Also, because it needs no scrubbing, it proves the most labour-saving friend a busy housewife could have. Why not have one room covered as a test?

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Please send me, post free, your Free Coloured Book of 2 6 with order Cork Lino designs, sample pieces, Cash and Easy Terms Prices.

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AT A BARGAIN PRICE. There is no sense in paying good money for rubbish when you can have the finest quality at no greater expense. Quality goods are a real joy, and give pleasure all the time.

GRAVES 'PROGRESS' BARGAIN SALE is the WORLD'S FINEST HOUSEHOLD VALUE

Two super quality White All Wool Blankets, not a thread of cotton in them. Blue borders, whipped ends. Size 68 x 88 ins. Weight 7½lbs pair.
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One pure White Bolster Case to match 20 x 60ins.

IMPORTANT.—As extra advantage we include a 18-Piece Cutlery Service:—4 Stainless Sheffield Steel Knives, 4 Dessert Forks, 4 Dessert Spoons, and 4 Tea Spoons. Will wear like silver, while all threads

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100D
Complete Cabinet Speaker in oak.
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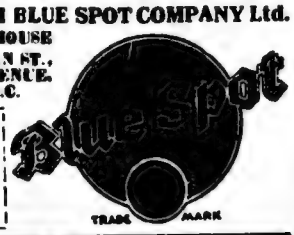

BEWARE THE DANGER MONTHS for CHILDREN

COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, MEASLES, and other complaints which are so prevalent at this time of the year, tax the strength and vitality of children to such a degree that it becomes necessary to assist nature in recovering health.

Roboleine

MAKES WEAKLY CHILDREN STRONG AND HEALTHY

The results obtained from Roboleine are described by mothers and doctors as marvellous Children who are mere skin and bone instantly start to gain weight after a few doses. Lost appetites return, digestive troubles disappear, good red blood is made, firm flesh formed, and the improvement maintained until complete health is restored

RECOMMENDED BY DOCTORS FOR 25 YEARS.

12-DOSE SAMPLE.
ROBOLEINE, Headforth Laboratories, Clapham Road, London, S.W.9.
Please send me a 12-dose sample. I enclose 3d. for posting and packing

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I'm Ashamed

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

IT pricks my conscience today, forty years after it happened. I had won a scholarship to a secondary school. After three years I was due to take a number of prizes at the annual prize-giving.

Invitation tickets for the luncheon were handed to me to send to my mother and father

I thought of dad's rough, country suit and the way he ate with his knife; of mother's shabbiness and rough, coarse hands—and I tore up the tickets.

My snobbish pride robbed that dear old couple of a day's happiness—slight compensation for the sacrifice they had endured for my sake.—"*Man of Kent.*"

Cripple's Slip

Walking home one night, after one of my usual carousals, I bumped into a man who passed a remark about "awkward people." I turned round and struck him, knocking him down.

The shame I felt when I found that the man was a cripple was nothing to what I felt when he, noticing my condition, and to calm the threatening crowd, said that I had not touched him, but that he had slipped.—"*Cran,*" *Manchester.*

Forgiven Theft

I stole £50 belonging to my father, and ran away with the man I loved. He was a plausible rogue and liar, and I was left starving and penniless, and forced to enter a poor-law institution to have my baby.

My parents were communicated with, and as they entered I felt I could have died with shame.

The tears rolled down my father's cheeks as he arranged for my return. He was overjoyed at finding me, and to this day has never mentioned my theft.—*Grateful Daughter, Worcester.*

Last Request

I was motor-cycling in the country, and stopped to rest and eat my sandwiches.

A dirty-looking tramp staggered up the road and, stumbling towards me, begged for food. I smiled, thinking the fellow was drunk, and rode off.

I was chatting in an inn a few miles away when the village policeman entered and said that a tramp had been found dead.

Death was due to starvation, and from the description I knew it was the man I had refused to succour.—*F. T. G., Acton.*

Too Late

Whilst serving with the W.R.A.F., I met a young Australian, who told me that he loved me.

He was drafted to France, and as I stood by him at the station he said, "Girlie, you'll wait I love you."

I promised. His letters came, but I never answered any, till one day a chaplain wrote, begging me to write to Pte. ——, who was calling my name continually. They found my address on a signed photograph in his wallet.

I wrote, and the letter was returned unopened marked "Deceased," and Girlie still waits.—*K. A., Dorset.*

Bad to Good

I found in my pocket a bad half-crown, which I passed into the till.

Returning from a meal, I encountered a customer leaving my shop—a sweet old woman, an old-age pensioner. Happy and cheerful despite her poverty, she was grateful that she had half-a-crown left to obtain a few necessities.

When she left I thought how shameful it was that such fine characters had to endure want.

Later, to my shame, I found she had been given the bad half-crown.—*E. P., Rhondda.*

Job that Hurt

A pal and myself took to the road and for two years led a roaming life. My pal had been after a job, and received a post-card asking him to call.

Being up first, I pocketed the card and presented myself at the works and secured the job.

I learned later that my pal had secured a job on a ship; but the mean and dirty trick I played on him pricked my conscience long after the day I pinched his job.—*Nedsmar, Prescot.*

I DID IT

Shock for Son

My son, a splendid lad, had been saving every penny he could earn. He intended to save enough to buy an invalid chair to take his mother out in the sunshine, as she is unable to get about.

He trusted me with the key of his money-box, and I have stolen £2 9s., nearly the entire contents

My wife's birthday is on March 9, the day the money-box is to be opened. I am unemployed and penniless, and thoroughly ashamed.—*T. F., Cardiff.*

Taking Him Off

Years ago I was housemaid at a hall where the house-steward was an old, lame man, and a bit of a tyrant.

One day, thinking him safely out of the way, I dressed in his clothes, and, taking his stick, went tapping down the hall into the kitchen.

As I was entertaining the girls, I turned and saw that he had been watching me "taking him off."

I never felt so ashamed in my life as when he gently said, "My girl, you will be old yourself some day."—*E. W., Leics.*

Coals of Fire

During the war, wearing Naval uniform, I was in a train with other ratings.

At a station where we had a wait, I saw a batch of German prisoners, and yelled out, "German pig-dogs, you are crazy!"

Since the war I have had many trips to Germany, where I made some friends, and have been treated with much kindness.

These people have, unknowingly, "heaped coals of fire on my head." My cheap sneer to helpless prisoners has shamed me most.—*A. P. S., London.*

Trustful Kids

While travelling in the Sudan, and being in want of fresh meat, by mistake I shot a doe gazelle.

Two kids came out from the place in which they had been concealed and followed the body of the mother to the boat.

I kept them as pets for two years, but I never felt so ashamed as I did on the day the two little creatures followed and trusted me, their mother's murderer.—*E. F., York.*

* * *

Sent a wreath when I might have handed a bouquet while they were alive.—*E. P., Merstham.*

I married for her money a girl I did not love. The marriage ended in separation. I ruined her life. That will be my lasting shame.—*H. G., Somerset.*

When I was a little girl, I often spent my collection-money for church on toffee. Now I am older I am filled with shame.—*E. B., Cheshire.*

Overslept on my wedding morning and kept the best little wife in the world waiting in suspense.—*T. S. H., Gravesend.*

The burning shame of shirking my share of the disgrace that came to the girl who trusted me when I was a thoughtless youth has darkened my whole life.—*W. H., Bristol.*

In the Pit

I lived in an atmosphere of stark indifference to the lives of the men who work with their hands. I had scoffed at the miner's job, and regarded with scepticism its alleged dangers.

Chance took me into a mining area; I had an opportunity to "see for myself." They lowered me into the bowels of the earth; showed me begrimed humans working in contortionist positions fraught with unseen perils.

They brought me up—humiliated, abashed, ashamed at my abysmal ignorance—R. L., Exmouth.

SIDE-*Slips*

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Slips."

GIRLS' MIRROR:—"He might have ventured to sit on the SODA beside her."

EAST KENT TIMES:—"The barge began to SING rapidly."

TIMES AND GAZETTE (Clacton):—"—— Church has also undertaken to maintain a CAT in one of the wards of the hospital."

STAFFORD EVENING STANDARD:—"The decorations erected for the previous night were left intact, and added to the gaiety of the ACCUSATION."

NORTHWICH CHRONICLE:—"Note—TOE Sale advertised at Ash Bank will not take place."

FALKIRK HERALD:—"Right along the route, dense CLOUDS lined the pavements."

NORTH-EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE:—"He will attend a whist drive and tea in the afternoon and a smoking CONTEST in the evening."

EVENING NEWS:—"She put her arms TWICE round him to cajole him."

SOUTH WALES DAILY POST:—"When formally charged the DECEASED said they had nothing more to say."

SHIELDS DAILY GAZETTE:—"The driver and conductor subdued the flames with fire extinguishers which were LEAPING FROM THE BONNET."

PRESTWICK NEWS:—"The South Church choir gave their annual rendering before a WELL-FILLED congregation."

LIVERPOOL ECHO:—"Considerable Japanese forces have been landed at Nanking, and are faced by entrenched JAPANESE troops."

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, March 15.

The One Treasure I'd Never Part With—and Why

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 10s. per line averaging six words, Minimum Charge 30s.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MONEY.

COCHRANE & SONS help you to make money. Children's Vests, 4/11 per doz. Ladies' Art. Silk Hose, 7/11 doz. Genuine Tremola Shirts, 2 Collars, 3/11 each. Boys' ribbed Jerseys, 13/- doz. Ladies' Overalls, 7/6 doz. Hundreds of Bargains in our Warehouse. Wholesale only. Quarter dozens supplied. Come and see us or write for Catalogue, post free. — COCHRANE & SONS, 1, THOMAS STREET, MANCHESTER.

START in Drapery and make money by selling again. Small capital only required. Lowest prices in the trade. Example: Ladies' Art. Silk Hose, 8/11 doz. Men's Suits, 15/- each, honestly worth 45/-. Ladies' or Gent's Mackintoshes, 6/6 each. Thousands of other Bargains. Sample Bales 21/-. Satisfaction or money returned under *John Bull* guarantee. Catalogue and Guide free.—WOLFSON, THOMAS STREET, MANCHESTER.

FREE ILLUSTRATED LIST for dealers and Beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, LONDON, E.C.3.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare time; every kind; good profits; 200-page Catalogue free.—May (173), George Street, Birmingham.

80-PAGE WHOLESALE Drapery Catalogue, Post Free. Perfect and repeatable goods of Quality and Value. Keenest Prices. All Depts., Ladies', Men's, Child's, Household. Satisfaction guaranteed. Wholesale only to the Trade.—Myers & Co. (L. & H.), Ltd., 7, Trinity Street, Leeds.

MAKE MONEY by selling our Lovely Ladies' Necklets, etc.; inexpensive; wonderful value; good profits; parties, free.—ORIENTAL NECKLET CO., 66, King Street, Huddersfield.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run Drapery Club amongst friends. No outlay. Parties and cat. free. —Carlisle Mills, Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

BONNYWAY'S want organisers of weekly Clubs in all country districts. New Bargain List—wonderful offers of Furniture, Cutlery, Jewellery, Bedding, Footwear, Furs, etc., at wholesale prices. Organise a weekly club in spare time; generous commissions. Write for full particulars.—Bonnyway's, Dept. B., 61, Gracechurch St., London, E.C.3.

WANTED BY JOHN NOBLE, LTD., ORGANISERS OF WEEKLY CLUBS, A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN; BIG COMMISSION. NO RISK AND MERCHANDISE BY A FAMOUS BRITISH FIRM. The Ideal Club Leads for Value! Marvellous Bargains in Fashions, Furniture, Footwear, Bedding, Outfitting, etc. First in 1870, foremost to-day: over 60 years of service. Send p.c. NOW for Particulars and wonderful 232-page Bargain Guide.—JOHN NOBLE, LTD. (Dept. A7), MANCHESTER.

AGENTS. Men and Women. WANTED by Selby Manufacturing Co., Ltd., to form Weekly Clubs. Experience not essential. No risk. A certain definite income guaranteed. Send P.C. for particulars to Selby Manufacturing Co., Ltd., Dept. 1, 43-47, Clerkenwell Green, E.C.1.

AGENTS wanted, spare time, sell cut lengths, dress materials, remnants, shoes. Sale or return. Good comm.—Edmondson, 10, Hope St., Bradford.

10/- STARTS You. Sell Haberdashery, Razor Blades, Hosiery, Drapery, etc. Wholesale list and advice Free to Shopkeepers, Marketmen, Hawkers, Canvassers, Unemployed. Sure Living.—Goldman (Dept. L.), 22, Houndsditch, London.

HALF Profit, Quick Selling Lines, Agents wanted. Samples and full particulars free.—X., PELICAN PRESS, BROOK LANE, BRISTOL.

FOR LESS THAN 2d. A DAY you can buy Furniture, Clothing, Footwear through our Community Clubs. ALL FACTORY PRICES. AGENTS WANTED. Splendid commissions. Unequalled opportunities. Send for Bargain Catalogue and details to Dept. 3, Dyson & Horsfall, Aqueduct Mills, Preston.

AGENTS and House-to-House Canvassers. Wonderful new 6d. line. Sells at sight. Big profits. Send 3d. for sample and terms.—PENN, Dept. X, 682, Holloway Road, London, N.19.

EMPLOYMENT.

BUY Hosiery Wholesale to sell again; over 60 p.c. profit, any quantity. Cat. Free.—Empire Hosiery Co., Empire House, St. Martin's-le-Grand, E.C.1.

YOUNG MAN! GO INTO ADVERTISING—a business of unlimited opportunities. Over £200,000,000 are spent in Britain alone every year in advertising. For good and original work the salaries are high and promotion rapid. We can train you to qualify for a good position in from 6 to 12 months; you can take the Course at home in your spare time wherever you live without interfering with your present employment. Why be content to jog along at small pay with no prospects when the golden opportunity is offered to you? Take the first step. Call, write or telephone for full particulars.—THE BRITISH COLLEGE OF ADVERTISING, Ltd., 136X, Wheatsheaf House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4. 'Phone: Central 4809.

MOTOR DRIVERS. — COMMERCIAL and PRIVATE positions. The finest PRACTICAL training to standard R.A.C. Certificate at the lowest inclusive fee. Day or evening. FREE employment Dept. CALL (9-7), or write, THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, 5, COVENTRY STREET, PICCADILLY, CIRCUS, W.1. (Corner Rupert Street, next Lyons' Corner House.)

POLICE RECRUITS. — Commencing pay now £2 18s. per week, rising to £4 8s. 9d. Ages 19-27. Height over 5 ft. 9 in. Those interested in joining should send for free details of entrance requirements of City, County and Borough Forces from B.T.I., 29B, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

POLICE ENTRANCE EXAM.—Expert postal tuition. Success guaranteed. For partics. write, Service Correspondence College, Thatcham, Newbury.

A PAYING PROFESSION. SURGICAL CHIROPODY taught thoroughly and cheaply in your own home. Qualify for the School Diploma and commence practice. Free Pros.—Director, School of Surgical Chiropody, Leatherhead.

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BARGAINS GALORE!—Thousands in to-day's "Exchange and Mart," 2d. at your newsagent's. Specimen Copy free. Send a postcard now to J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, London, E.C.1.

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KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES 1¼ lb. 4/6, for Socks, etc. Grey, Heather, etc. 3/4 lb., post free. Patts. Wools, Serges, Tweeds.—Egerton Burnetts, W.B. Warehouse, Wellington, Som.

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WALLPAPERS, Non-Combine, from 2½d. roll. Book of 1932 Designs free.—Eclipse Wallpaper Co. (late of Leeds) 21, Shields Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

FILL in the coupon in the CATESBY CORK LINO advt. on page 37 for FREE BOOK OF DESIGNS, SAMPLE PIECES, terms, etc.

CARNIVAL GOODS, Balloons, Hats, Novelties, Dance Organisers, send to-day for free bargain list. —"Uneedus," Arundel Street, Portsmouth.

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FREE. Write for SELFRIDGE'S CYCLE LIST offered on p. 29. Mention "John Bull" when writing.

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FREE. A BEAUTIFUL 24-PAGE BROCHURE DESCRIBING THE "G.T.L." GUARANTEED TOOL CHEST AND HOME REPAIRING OUTFIT in detail. Fill in the coupon in the advt. on p. 35.

SPECIAL OFFER of Chimney Sweeping and Drain Cleaning Machines, sent complete and carriage paid for 20/-. Can you beat this for value? Messrs. Buck & Mosley's "Shop Window" advt., page 3.

BUNIONS, Corns and Chilblains are painful, but the "Eezit" Boot and Shoe Stretcher will enable you to walk in comfort. It's described on page 3.

FOR MEN.—A Guinea Trouser Press Service for 1/6! Turn to page 3 and read advt. of K. Penn.

EXTRAORDINARY OFFER of British-made Flannels, all sizes 5/6 per pair and fit guaranteed—one of the many bargain offers in this week's "SHOP WINDOW" (see pages 2 and 3).

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA Wholesale. No. 1, 10 lb 7/6; No. 2, 10 lb. 10/-. Quantities Cheaper. Samples and Carriage FREE.—SIZER, 182/4, ROMAN ROAD, BOW, E.3.

TEA—Buy Direct—save middlemen's profit. Indian & Ceylon, specially blended, 4 lb. 4/8, 10 lb. 10/-. Tea Dust, 10 lb. 5/-. Carr. pd. Special prices large quantities. Portway Tea Co., 72 Portway, West Ham.

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DRESS.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 30/-. 75 Home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc. Everything complete and ready for use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers send 2/- for parcel on approbation, cash or terms).—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER ROAD, PORTSMOUTH.

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WIRELESS.

FREE WIRELESS CATALOGUE.—Send TO-DAY for our new 100-page Wireless Catalogue (postage 3d. stamps).—YOUNG'S (GLASGOW), LTD., 40, STOCKWELL STREET, GLASGOW.

SPEAKER UNITS ABSOLUTELY FREE. Special 14-days' offer made exclusively to *John Bull* readers. See advt. in the "SHOP WINDOW," page 2.

MORE VOLUME and less current with the New North Power Valve. The advt. of New North Radio on page 2 will interest everyone possessing a Wireless Set.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive and Permanent Cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for genero s supply, or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS. Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful; no lumpy pads, no springs; durable, cheap. Bands and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free. — Address, Brooks' Appliance Co., Ltd. (482a), 83, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

BLADDER Weakness, Kidney Trouble, etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 3/-. Boots', etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Sample 3d.

BRONCHITIS, Asthma, Catarrh, Coughs, Colds, HERBAL BEANS give instant relief. Large Box (over 100 beans), 1/3. Post Free.—Samp. 3d. Health Stores, Euston Rd., Morecambe.

RANKIN'S HEAD OINTMENT is a sure and quick way of banishing all head pests. At the same time it adds lustre to the hair and improves its growth. Thousands of families have proved its effectiveness during the past 50 years. Sold in boxes, 4d. and 8d., from all good Chemists, or by post, 5½d. and 9½d.
RANKIN & CO., DEPT. "G," KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND

ASTHMA.—Vapo-Cresolene gives quicker relief and soothes the irritated tubes. You must try it. Write for free booklet No. 46J. to Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., London, E.C.3.

BRONCHIAL Catarrh with constant coughing strains the heart. Castellan No. 10 Mixture gives quickest relief. Bottles 2/3, 5/-, post free. For generous trial sample send 4d. stamps for post.—McGuffie's, Chemists, Box 110, Liverpool.

VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, Psoriasis and All Skin Complaints permanently cured as if by magic by "Varenecose" Ointment in record time. Sent under written No Cure—No Pay Guarantee. Send for 3/- trial size or call or write TO-DAY for generous FREE SAMPLE, Booklet and Medical Press opinions. — LE BRASSEUR SURGICAL CO., LTD. (Dept. N.P.), 12, Mortimer Street, London, W.1. Plymouth branch: 4, Athenæum Arcade.

RHEUMATISM CURED FREE. Send 2d. for large trial box, value 7½d., of "CELUNOX" (Brand) Tablets, made from celery. Nature's own remedy. Never fails. Dept. 15, CELUNOX, LTD., EDGWARE, MIDDLESEX, or 1/3 from Boots and all chemists.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS. — Don't waste money on useless patent medicines. Send 3d. for my book on the cure of weak nerves.—H. Rivers (J.B.88), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite), Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 10, New Bond St., London, W.1.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap bought. Highest cash per return.—Bell's, Upperhead Rd., Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

YOU NEED "HEALTH & STRENGTH." Try it free! Send postcard for specimen copy to J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, London, E.C.1.

A CUSTOMER FOUND 16 DEAD RATS IN 10 MINUTES AFTER LAYING DOWN RODINE. THE RAPID RAT REMOVER. NEVER FAILS. 7½d. AND 1/3. ALL CHEMISTS, OR RODINE WORKS, PERTH (POST 3d. EXTRA).

DUKE'S JELLIED ALMONDS.
YOU can't stop eating them
All Sweet Shops.

A FREE SAMPLE OF "HARLENE" GOLDEN HAIR WASH is offered in the advt. on page 35.

FREE. A DAINTY TRIAL BOX OF GIBBS' TOILET PREPARATIONS. Fill in the coupon in the advt. on page 44, enclosing stamps for postage.

FREEMANS

CELEBRATED SPARE TIME

AGENCY

CASH OR CREDIT

BOOTS, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes and Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the Trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission Paid. *Illustrated Coloured Catalogues.*

NO OUTLAY, ALL PROFIT.
Enquiries for Agency Invited.

FREEMANS
LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

SOLD IN BOTTLES
1/3 & 3/-
KOMPO
FOR
COLDS.
REGD.
BY ALL CHEMISTS & STORES

"Built for hard work"

Get better service . . . longer service from your overalls by wearing "Pexwear" protective clothing. "Pexwear" combines the qualities determined as essential by people who have made a study of this class of trade for years. "Pexwear" will wash and wash again, and every detail in the making displays the work of craftsmen. Your dealer will be glad to explain the many exclusive features of the "Pexwear" Bib and Brace Overall.

Ask for "Pexwear"
FITZGERALD
BIB & BRACE OVERALLS

THERE IS A "PEXWEAR" STOCKIST IN YOUR DISTRICT

JOHN PECK & CO., LTD., Edge Lane, Liverpool.

" Thousands of cases of heart trouble are due to hardened arteries"

Take this brake off your Heart!

To allow your heart to be subjected perpetually to the resistance of hardened arteries is like driving your car with the brakes always on.

Healthy, resilient arteries *assist* the heart to circulate the blood, but thickened, hardened arteries *resist* the flow of the blood and *so increase the work the heart must do.* Not only is the heart overworked and likely to crack under sudden stress, but the nutrition of the whole body is impaired.

Take this brake off your heart! If you suspect that your arteries are hardening, *start taking 'Phyllosan' brand tablets to-day!*

'Phyllosan' brand of chlorophyll tablets keep the arteries young, restore the blood pressure to normal, and fortify the heart. They also revitalize and rejuvenate the whole organism. That is why these tablets are specially recommended to all men and women over forty.

And it is so easy. Just two tiny, tasteless tablets three times a day before meals. But take them *regularly* and the results will astonish you.

These tablets are prepared under the direction of E. BUERGI, M.D., Professor of Medicine at the University of Berne. They contain no deleterious chemicals, no strychnine, no quinine, no animal extracts, no alcohol, cause no digestive disturbance, have no unpleasant after-effects. The 5/- size contains double quantity, and is therefore more economical.

Start taking 'PHYLLOSAN' (Brand) Regd. TABLETS TO-DAY!

To revitalize your Blood rejuvenate your Arteries correct your Blood Pressure fortify your Heart, strengthen your Nerves, and increase all your Physical and Vital Forces —*irrespective of age!*

All Chemists, 3/- & 5/- (double quantity)

'PHYLLOSAN' is the regd. trade mark applied to the brand of chlorophyll tablets prepared under the direction of E. BUERGI, M.D., Professor of Medicine at Berne University. No Proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture.

Send Coupon

or a postcard, to

FASSETT & JOHNSON, LTD., *Distributors*, (Dept. 47) 80 Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1

Please send me a free copy of the book entitled "The Most Wonderful Substance in our World," describing Dr. Buergi's researches and the remarkable results obtained with 'Phyllosan' brand tablets.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Use unsealed envelope, with ½d. stamp J.B. 12.3.32

Issued by Natural Chemicals Ltd., London

ANOTHER FINE LIFE-PENSION FOR 'JOHN BULL'S' X-WORD

£3 A WEEK FOR LIFE

or £1,250 Cash

RUNNERS-UP DIVIDE £50

INTERESTING CLUES · EASY TO ENTER · NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

A LIFE Pension of £3 a Week (or £1,250 down)—this is the enormous prize which is offered once more this week in "John Bull's" fascinating X-word Competition. In addition, there is £50 to be divided between runners-up. Read through the clues now and you will soon find yourself filling in the squares which may bring a fortune to you.

"JOHN BULL" will pay £3 a week for Life or £1,250 cash for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, March 24th, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, March 31st.

(Should First Prize be shared £1,250 cash will be paid instead of dividing Pension.)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil; cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it & Co.; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than **NOON, Thursday, March 17th.**

2.—No competitor may submit more than 2 Double Entry Forms (four squares). Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or misdaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, March 31st, 1932.** Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the first prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post **Tuesday, April 12th, 1932,** in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such Scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £50 to be divided between the runners-up.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this Competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

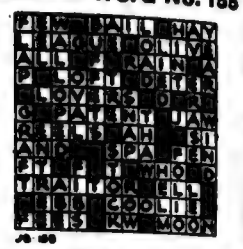
NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

ENTRY FEE. **With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING.** { See Rule 1.

Winners in X-Word No. 154 appear on page 44.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 155

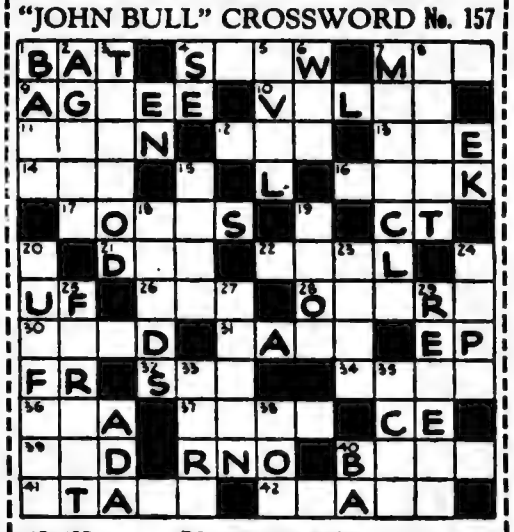


JB 155

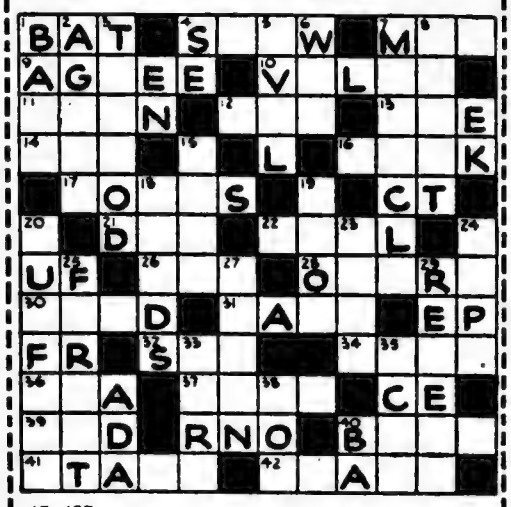
Result will be published next week.

The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 155 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 157



JB·157 *DO NOT CUT HERE.*



JB·157

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No..... P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CLOSING DATE, Noon, Thurs., March 17, 1932

CLUES ACROSS.

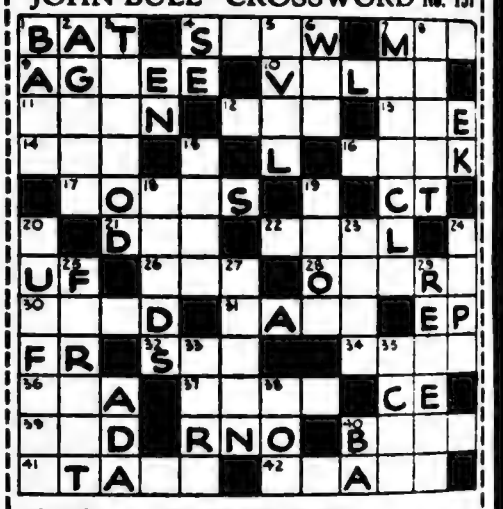
1. Used in playing cricket.
4. Shopkeepers do this to goods.
7. Maid usually puts in place.
9. Consent.
10. Describes rightful claim.
11. Farmer looks vainly for, sometimes.
12. Is received for work done.
13. Regret.
14. Take a small drink.
16. Sweethearts like quiet one.
17. Paper money.
21. Female deer.
22. Is used for mending.
26. Fuss.
28. Form of entertainment.
30. Provide for.
31. Used for smoothing earth.
32. Hang down.
34. Pinches.
36. Series of years.
37. Fills the publican's till.
39. Bright colour.
40. This often climbs a pole.
41. Newspaper records its activities.
42. Is often wild.

CLUES DOWN.

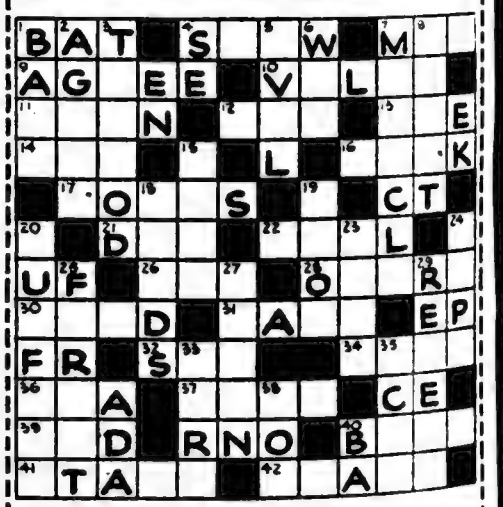
1. Are opened and closed daily.
2. Once more.
3. This stands on three feet.
5. Egg-shaped.
6. Direction.
7. Supernatural event.
8. Grown-up person.
15. Get in a good one each day.
18. Frog-like reptiles.
19. Teaches modern wife cooking.
20. Old fellows.
23. Not shut.
24. China gets damaged by these.
25. Search out.
27. Musical instrument.
29. Do again.
33. 4,840 square yards.
35. Frozen dainties.
38. Convulsive sigh.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull" or his copy of "Passing Show" in conjunction with which journal this contest is conducted. Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 157



JB·157 *DO NOT CUT HERE.*



JB·157

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No..... P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Don't Omit your Name and Address

If entering two double Entry Forms, cut them out separately—add name and address to both.

HOW TO ADDRESS ENTRY

Send Entry in envelope bearing 1½d. stamp and post to "John Bull" Crosswords (No. 157), 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp)

The Editor LAUGHS LAST

M. N. (Hull).—"I am a fervent supporter of clean football." But be reasonable.

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service, who will deal with any matter causing anxiety to our readers. Send a stamped envelope with your query.

SPOT (Manchester).—"I have been playing billiards ever since I was fifteen." Without a break?

TEDDIE (Fulwell).—"My fiancée won't speak to me now." You'll find a great difference when you are married.

DOCTOR (Crouch End).—"There are twenty causes of yawning." Surely there are more wireless lecturers than that?

NATURE LOVER (Croydon).—"Think of the birds sometimes." We never forget them. We've just sown some grass seed.

G. J. (Bolton).—"What do people smoke cigarettes for?" Cameras, among other things.

NEWLYWED (Luton).—"My wife likes tea for breakfast and I like coffee." You'll soon get used to tea.

A. Y. (Hastings).—"Telephone girls sometimes receive gifts from subscribers." Ear-rings?

P. M. (Wendover).—"He married the nurse who looked after him when he had the 'flu." Heart trouble set in.

F. K. H. (Hendon).—"Everybody should sing at his work." This does not apply to glassblowers.

G. P. (Stratford).—"The thieves even took my garden roller." That's hard luck for the man next door.

SCHOOLMASTER (Dorchester).—"There is nothing degrading in a boy being caned." But it leaves a nasty impression.

JOE (Carlisle).—"I am the first to bemoan my foolishness." What a dreadfully sad life you must lead.

MRS. K. (Balham).—"Do you suppose my husband spends his week-ends at Eastbourne for nothing?" Not if we know seaside landladies.

TAXI-DRIVER (Clapham).—"I have put a small barometer in my cab." We have little hope that it will ever indicate anything but "No change."

FASHION WRITER (London, W.C.).—"The new shirt for the Spring will consist of one button." That is, we take it, when it comes back from the laundry.

BOB (Truro).—"Have you many dislikes?" No, you have few rivals.

E. F. M. (Stafford).—"Is it a fact that gold can be made from sand?" Yes, but only by grocers.

ON THE DOLE (Seacombe).—"What is a fellow to do when his dole is cut down?" The means test means test yourself.

PHYLLIS (Derby).—"I long to hear the call of the wild." Then why not become a telephone operator?

H. V. (Lewes).—"What is there to stop a man having a hot bath every morning if he wants one?" The geyser, very often.

F. D. (Keighley).—"Only about five persons in every hundred are stout." Those are the round figures.

HIKER (Oldham).—"During the week-ends one meets most of one's fellow-hikers at village tea-rooms." And 'bus-stops.

H. D. (Coatbridge).—"Where is the proof that pipes induce calmness?" Well, have you ever seen an excited plumber?

E. R. (Dundee).—"When are the defects of a second-hand car most likely to be found?" When it's too late to get your money back.

COALMAN (Middlesbrough).—"I can't understand why I am not popular round here." Perhaps people don't like your little weighs.

BIG GAME (Chelsea).—"When my native guide told me there were two tigers about a mile north, do you know what I did?" You went south.

JAMES D. (Edinburgh).—"Does heat ease or cause pain?" Try putting the wrong end of a lighted cigarette in your mouth.

R. L. (Derby).—"The form of the modern English novel was taken from the French." It is time somebody let them have it back.

J. J. (Doncaster).—"I'll have to get rid of the cook. She's nearly poisoned me three times." Oh, give her another chance.

B. D. (Oxford).—"It is amazing the millions of eggs the common garden pests lay during the summer." It's a bit of luck they don't cackle.

MRS. MONEYBAGS (Kensington).—"Is it etiquette to rise in the morning without calling the servants?" No, you should ring when you want to be awakened.

CRITIC (London, W.C.).—"A certain novelist has a perfect dread of popularity." If he wrote any of the novels we've been reading lately he needn't worry.

CROESUS (Romford).—"I have nearly died of exposure." Who gave you away?

G. N. (Halifax).—"I see that a political offender in Spain was arrested in a telephone-box." That is one way of getting used to solitary confinement.

MISS ANNE (Blackpool).—"A Hollywood film actress has for some time been considering having her face insured." The only thing that holds her back is the fear that she may be asked how long she has had it.

T. R. (Berwick).—"Is it the case that public speakers have to be born?" No, borne.

S. F. (Derby).—"What is a peace offering?" Anything from a box of chocolates to a fur coat.

F. M. (Frome).—"When do you think my articles will appear in your paper?" When you think, too.

DORIS (Grendon).—"Do you think I am really older than I make out to be?" No, up to be.

L. C. (Buxton).—"My wife is not the least curious when I am writing letters to friends." That is curious.

T. M. (Aldgate).—"I think most second-hand motor-cycles are quite all right." As far as they go, yes.

S. A. (Hastings).—"Slimming systems are simply silly." Yet they have many stout adherents.

MRS. A. (Walsall).—"Can you guess what my neighbours are continually gossiping over?" The garden fence.

M. J. (Grantham).—"Where is the best place to put petrol so that it is unlikely to catch fire?" In a cigarette lighter.

T. T. (Norbury).—"I should strongly oppose taxes on soft drinks." With your initials, you would.

J. J. (Keswick).—"It is impossible to arrest the flight of time." Rot! Most people can stop a minute.

F. P. (Dundee).—"I left my whisky flask in an Aberdeen hotel and got it back next day." Empty?

B. H. (Gt. Missenden).—"A month ago he was just crazy to kiss me." He must have been.

M. A. (Malton).—"I am told I speak French without the least trace of accent." French, or English?

F. W. (Leeds).—"Your last issue made me think." Yes, it was an extraordinary one.

P. M. (Rochester).—"The tactful wife of an angler believes all his fishing stories." Did Mrs. Jonah?

MAISIE (Newcastle-under-Lyme).—"It is not always vanity that makes a woman stand before her mirror." It is not; very often it is pure imagination.

F. M. (Bodmin).—"Now I must tear up the road and catch the post." It's a pity you didn't treat your letter in the same way as the road.

N. B. (Loughton).—"Why has Sweden fewer divorces than any other country in Europe?" That's where they make the safety matches.

F. L. (Oundle).—"Is it possible for anybody in these days to make a living from the soil?" The laundries manage to do so.

J. A. (Bedford).—"Even the youngest girl wants her permanent wave nowadays." While all the small boy longs for is a permanent wash.

H. J. (Looe).—"Women nowadays are smoking less." That's probably because hardly anyone objects to their smoking now.

S. J. (South Harrow).—"The trouble with cheap wireless sets is the way they howl and wail." That trouble isn't in the sets. You're confusing them with the artists.

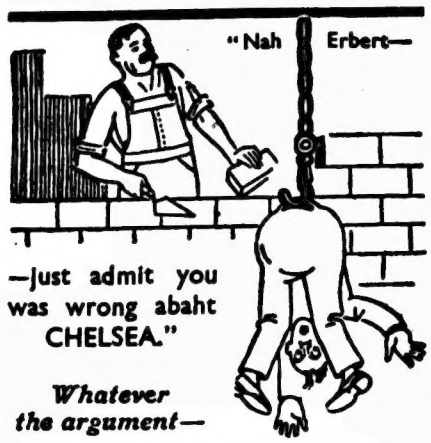
A. T. B. (Peterborough).—"Even if I had a wireless set I couldn't afford the licence money." Well, with a coupon from page 43 you can win a £21 Radio—and £300 towards the licence fee!

A. P. (Aldershot).—"Now I have finished this letter I wonder why I have gone to all the trouble of writing it." And now we have finished reading it we wonder that, too.

G. S. (Halifax).—"What can be the meaning of the tapping sounds which I often hear when midnight is approaching?" That the people in the flat above want you to turn off the wireless.

A. K. R. (Lewes).—"Now is the time to overhaul garden tools." Another good plan is to overhaul your neighbour on the way to the station and ask him if he has still got your lawn-mower.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)



Whatever the argument—

BOLENIUMS

THE SUPER OVERALLS —

NEVER LET YOU DOWN

6/6 BIB & BRACE

Worn by the man who knows. Bend, tug and twist as hard and as often as your work demands. Bolenium's will stand the strain.

Ask your Outfitter, or in cases of difficulty write to:—

BOLENIUM OVERALL'S, Dept. 1, Upton Park, London, E.13

Sore Throat?

Wulfing Brand FORMAMINT destroys the disease germs in mouth and throat thus protecting you against infectious diseases.

At all Chemists—2/6 per bottle.

GENATOSAN Ltd., Loughborough, Leicestershire.

and your smokes more to your taste

Your own choice of tobacco rolled in AG Papers means more satisfaction at *far less cost.*

Get this economy habit now, it's better for your pocket—2/6 a week saving for average smokers, with *better* cigarettes too if you use only

AG

CIGARETTE PAPERS

The Paper of Perfect Purity

CURED

after 30 years CHRONIC

BRONCHITIS

Read this astonishing unsolicited testimonial describing the wonderful benefit derived from Famel Syrup.

"I feel it my duty to tell you what a wonderful cure your Syrup has made of my chronic Bronchitis.

"For more than 30 years I have continuously suffered from chronic Bronchitis, the mucous form, with copious, very copious phlegm. During the winter the chronic type often brewed up to the dangerous acute kind, with fever, and abnormal temperature.

Other treatments failed!

"I have tried most of the so-called cures for this complaint, but all failed to make more than trifling improvement, if any, so I considered I would have to suffer with it until I died, even if it were not the cause of my death. Last Christmas the complaint again became acute, confining me to bed and house; I then saw your advertisement and without much faith that it would be any better than the countless things I had before tried, I got your sample. The result after only 3 doses arrested my attention; I was not sure; but thought I was not coughing quite so often, and that the phlegm was not so copious; I therefore decided to give it further trial.

Cured—after 30 years!

"At the end of the first bottle I was certain it was curing my nasty complaint, and now at the end of the third bottle I feel that I am cured! No more am I kept awake in bed coughing and spitting at night, and no coughing on rising from bed in the morning! I think this is wonderful, after 30 years of it! I am glad, thankful, and astonished!"

(Sgd.) J.A.L. (London).

This letter is more convincing than anything we can say ourselves of the remarkable curative powers of Famel Syrup. Thousands and thousands write to tell us of similar experiences. Famel sweeps away coughs, colds, catarrh, bronchitis, as if by magic, and it is an excellent preventive and an instant check for influenza and its complications. It derives its amazing efficacy from Nature's greatest curative agent which formerly could only be inhaled, but which, in Famel Syrup, *is actually absorbed through the blood stream.* Famel Syrup will relieve you from the first dose. Buy a bottle (3/-) at your Chemist's, or send for free sample.

For FREE Sample

worth 1/3 ***Post coupon below (with 4d. in stamps for postage) for very generous FREE sample. Only one bottle to each family.***

FAMEL SYRUP

Post this Coupon TO-DAY!

To Wilcox, Jesseu & Co., Ltd. (Dept. E.18), 15, Great St. Andrew Street, London, W.C.2.

I enclose 4d. in stamps. Please send me large sample bottle of FAMEL SYRUP.

Name .....

BLOCK LETTERS, PLEASE.

Address .....

When CALAMITY *comes—*

"John Bull" hastens to help

"ONE does not realise how beneficial is your free insurance until calamity comes; then the work and forethought of those who made the scheme possible is brought home." So wrote a reader recently when acknowledging a cheque from "John Bull."

"When calamity comes!"—how *many* people find themselves unexpectedly face to face with disaster, with no rift in the cloud to bring them comfort. Have *you* a friend to turn to in your need should Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness or Accident come? No fewer than 12,674 "John Bull" cheques gave welcome aid to stricken homes last year. Over 76,000 cheques have been paid to date under "John Bull's" Free Insurance.

Day after day grateful readers write to "John Bull" telling a tale of hope renewed, thanks to a timely cheque. A Derby reader writes: "Thank you for your generous and courteous treatment and the entire absence of 'red tape.'"

A Lanarkshire reader sends this "little token": "This is a little token of thanks for your kind and generous cheque. This is the third time I have received compensation. You are a true friend, 'John Bull'!"

What "John Bull" Gives.

The contents of your home will be covered against FIRE (up to £1,000).

Other Benefits include:—

Burglary	(up to £300)
Storm, Flood	(up to £300)
Home Accidents	(up to £250)
Sickness	(up to £10 10 0)
Sports Accidents	(up to £250)
Wireless Benefit (damage by Lightning)	up to £10
Children's Benefits	£3

These and other benefits are subject to

10% Bonus

in the case of readers registered for 3 months and over.

GREATLY INCREASED

The magnificent new and greatly increased benefits make "John Bull's" Insurance more beneficial than ever. Register *now* if you have not already done so.

FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT, BURGLARY—"John Bull" covers you free.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 12/3/32.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 12/3/32.

JOHN BULL'S PEN OFFER

Breaking all Records

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all British self-filling Pen with **14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.*

Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Fleet Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D

...E COUPONS

PSORIASIS, ECZEMA, SKIN and BLOOD DISEASES.

Thousands of Patients bless the day they used the famous Tremol Treatment. Patients throughout the British Isles acclaim the wonderful merits of this great Treatment for skin complaints, the most successful Treatment known for all forms of Skin and Blood Diseases.

Under this powerful Treatment chronic Eczema is conquered, stubborn Psoriasis melts away, disfiguring face eruptions vanish; itching, irritable, unsightly skin troubles are rapidly cured. Do you wish to banish your skin trouble? Then suffer no longer. This famous method of Treatment exists to help you and to cure you. No matter how long you may have suffered; no matter how many Treatments have failed to help you; no matter what you may have tried, the Tremol Treatment is here to bring about your recovery and may save you years of misery.

Think what this great opportunity means to you! Freedom from skin trouble, with all its intolerable irritation, annoyance, discomfort, and disfigurement. Do not allow yourself to go on suffering perhaps for years and years, when a cure awaits you. There are reasons why Tremol will bring you relief.

IT IS YOUR OWN TREATMENT SPECIALLY PREPARED FOR YOU.

Tremol Treatment is a real Treatment. It is not a stock remedy. It is a complete Treatment, specially prepared for your own case. It is prescribed and suited exactly to your own needs. Thirty Years' Specialised skill and knowledge is put into your Treatment. Thirty Years' Practical experience is behind the treatment of your case. Practical help and advice backs you while under the Treatment. These are some of the many reasons why the Treatment is such a grand success.

READ THESE QUESTIONS

1. **Do you suffer from Psoriasis?**
2. **Have you Pimples or Blackheads on the face, chest or back?**
3. **Are there Eruptions or Matted Scabs on the Scalp?**
4. **Is there dreadful Itchiness?**
5. **Have you Boils or Abscesses?**
6. **Is the skin red, inflamed or Eczematous?**
7. **Are the hands or feet affected?**
8. **Are there Eruptions on the Knees, Elbows, or Body?**
9. **Is there an open wound on your leg?**

If you suffer from any of these Skin Troubles, Tremol Treatment is

THE RIGHT TREATMENT FOR YOU.

Thousands of cases similar to the above have been cured. This is an opportunity not to be missed. It is just what you are looking for. The means of bringing about your definite recovery. The Treatment can be carried out in you own home with complete success and without neglecting your work for a single day.

TREMOL TREATMENT—

1. **IS A GREAT HOME TREATMENT.**
2. **NEEDS NO ABSENCE FROM WORK.**
3. **IS SPECIALLY PREPARED FOR YOUR CASE.**
4. **HAS 30 YEARS' PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE AND KNOWLEDGE BEHIND IT.**
5. **TRIUMPHS WHEN OTHER TREATMENTS HAVE FAILED.**

Suffer no longer. Write to-day to THE NATIONAL SKIN INSTITUTE, 208, GREAT CLOWES STREET, BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER, and a valuable publication with full particulars of this most successful Treatment will be sent to you free of all charge. This publication is of the greatest interest, and if you are a Sufferer, shows how to bring about your speedy and complete recovery. POST THE COUPON below to-day for the publication, and all particulars will be sent free of charge. If you prefer to do so, call for a free consultation.

FREE COUPON. Ward 5.C.

NATIONAL SKIN INSTITUTE, 208, GREAT CLOWES STREET, BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER.

Please send free of charge your valuable publication and full particulars of your Treatment for Skin Diseases.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

National College of Health, Ltd.

WIN A BULLET CHEQUE and A SUPER RADIO SET

£300 AND A £21 RADIO

£50 and a £21 RADIO £25 and a £21 RADIO

10 PRIZES OF £5 & A £21 RADIO | 10 PRIZES OF £2-10 & A £21 RADIO

25 OF £1, 500 OF 2/6, 2,000 SPECIAL 'RED SEAL' TARGETS, 8,000 TARGETS

ENTER BY SAT. MAR 19

THIS IS THE £21 "EDISON BELL" RADIO which accompanies each of this week's 23 cheques of £2 10s. and over—an elegant 5-valve superheterodyne wireless set in walnut cabinet, completely self-contained. Needing no aerial, earth, or electric mains, you just switch on and enjoy your choice of British and Continental programmes.

WIN IT THIS WEEK!

CASH AND £21 RADIO FOR TWENTY-THREE WINNERS!

WHAT a wonderful *Bullets* programme has been arranged for you by JOHN BULL this week! There are twenty-three big attractions, each consisting of a cheque and a luxurious Radio Set. These twenty-three cheques range from £2 10s. up to the fine sum of £300; the twenty-three Wireless Receivers are the latest £21 instruments produced by Edison Bell, Ltd.

In no other competition before the public to-day can you win such magnificent two-in-one prizes as these—and yet you can make up a £300 and Radio *Bullet* after ten minutes with the simple instructions below.

Any of the *Examples* given may switch you on to a cheque and a Radio Study each one carefully, making notes of the various rough ideas which it suggests.

Now take each of your jottings in turn and condense it into TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS which form a pointed comment and link up aptly with the *Example* chosen. For instance, suppose you were working on the *Example* SHIP'S PARROT, the added words PREVENTS SAILOR FEELING HOMESICK would complete a *Bullet*.

Study closely the winners printed below—they will give you further guidance in the art of turning an ordinary thought into a telling *Bullet*. Then go ahead with your efforts and see that your entry is in by Saturday, March 19.

50 BIG "BULLETS" CHEQUES WON THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE OF £300, COMPETITION No. 838:

Mrs. E. Relph, 14, Green Lane, Hendon, N.W.
Example:—STIFF CLIMB
Bullet:—To "LITTLE MOUND"—LIFE.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. W. M. BUTT, 12, Stimpson Avenue, Northampton.
Example:—Big Guns
Bullet:—Modern — But How "Primitive"!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £45:

Mrs. E. JUKES, 3, Britannia Road, Fulham, London, S.W.
Example:—Dad Gave A Party And
Bullet:—Banished Blues—Brought Police.

OTHER PRIZES:

£40: W. HOOLE, 3, Sandhurst Place, Sheffield.
Stiff Climb—Before "Foot On Mars."

£35: Mrs. B. LAMB, 4, Bagshan Avenue, Ipswich.
His Trouble — Instalments — *He's* "Paid Off."

£30: F. R. ARNETT, 16, Lord Street, Grimsby.
Gathering Storm—"Casts Reflection" On "Lake."

£25: Mrs. S. LINDSAY, 15, Greenfield Avenue, Glasgow.
Life A Lady—At Dog-fight League.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£20: Mrs. E. FAULKNER, 7, Cecil Road, Exeter.
Gathering Storm — Makes *Asia* "Dark Continent."

£19: H. B. PIPER, 112, Leicester Street, Wolverhampton.
Winning Through — Winnowing Thoroughly.

£18: H. BOND, 25, Kedleston Road, Leicester.
Dad Gave A Party And — Even "Dora" Was "Helpless."

£17: J. DUNBAR, Campbell Street, Newmilns.
Young People — "Steering" By Cinema "Stars."

£16: J. BLUNDELL, 15, Maes Gruffydd, Mold.
Sowing The Seeds—"Naughty"—Baby Mustn't Kill!"

£15: R. FRASER, 88, Flemington Street, Glasgow.
Woman In The Shop—"Following Bent"—Hubby, Too!

£14: Mrs. W. J. WILLIS KING, 257, Galpins Road, Thornton Heath.
Snubbed—My Washing, Snow Background.

£13: Mrs. ROSER, 188, Luton Road, Chatham.
Life's A Burden When — Way's Lone—Loans Weigh.

£12: A. F. CLEGG, Heathgate Cottage, Tarbock Green, Prescot.
Blocking The Path — To Sex Equality, Mouse!

£11: V. MAY, 15, St. George's Road, Barnsley.
In The Hall Of Fame—Door-mat Commemorating Mr. Tax-payer.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

THREE PRIZES OF £10 EACH:

Mrs. CORISH, 6, Conan Road, Conisborough.
Blocking The Path—Often Word Maliciously "Dropped."

H. CORNS, Badsworth, Nr. Pontefract.
In The Hall Of Fame — Pedestal Awaiting "Perfect Husband."

Miss INGHAM, 6, Whalley Road, Padiham.
Stiff Climb—Upstairs—Then *Her* "Views."

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. **2.** Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. **3.** The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

A list of 30 £5 and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.

In accordance with our announcement, each winner of £5 and upwards has been invited to choose any 7/6 volume on the market as an extra award.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

The original cheque for £3,500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 837 will be displayed in the window of Mr. W. Spence, Anlaby Park Post Office, Hull.

NEXT WEEK 10 BIG EASTER EGGS INCLUDING £500

"EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 842.

BIG BUDGET	ATTRACTIVE	VOICE OF THE CUCKOO
FRESH HOPE	ALTHOUGH I'M POOR	IT'S A LONG WAY, BUT
STIRRING APPEAL	MADE A FOOL OF HIM	STARTLES EVERYBODY
SHIP'S PARROT	THE NEW FASHION	IF TAXES WERE HALVED
PROUDLY	SHOWS A PROFIT	BE CHARITABLE AND
BEHIND THE BARS	DESERT ISLAND	KEEPS THOUSANDS EMPLOYED
MAN WHO STOPS	TO THE LAST	RAISING THE STANDARD
CUTTING UP ROUGH	UNSCRUPULOUS	WE'RE SPRING-CLEANING, SO
ON THE VOYAGE	FIRST LOVE	WHEN FATHER'S PAINTING
SNORING	GETTING TO GRIPS	THEY'RE SO DEVOTED THAT
GLITTER OF STEEL	SHADOW OF SUSPICION	

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(842) P.O. No.
Closing SAT. Mar. 19
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed
Address

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(842) P.O. No.
Closing SAT. Mar. 19
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
Signed
Address

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(842) P.O. No.
Closing SAT. Mar. 19
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed
Address

Enter your full name and address on each coupon.

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(842) P.O. No.
Closing SAT. Mar. 19
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed
Address

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry:— "Bullets" No. 842, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp).

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 842 usually purchase "John Bull."

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE FREE "BULLETINS"

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed " and Co."), payable to "John Bull" to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "Bullets Bulletin," commencing with the next available issue.

Do not send this coupon with your Bullets entry.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Post to:— "BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 19, SHORT'S GARDENS, LONDON, W.C.2.

TRY THIS BEST BRITISH

BONDMAN Empire Blend

10d PER OZ.

AIRTIGHT TINS

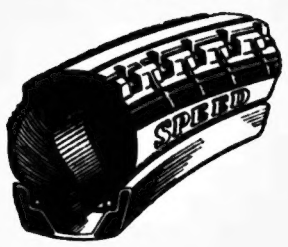
BILLY BENNETT says: I'm quite a gentleman when smoking Bondman!

BONDMAN ORIGINAL BLEND
RICH DARK VIRGINIA 11½d. PER OZ.

RICHARD LLOYD & SONS, CLERKENWELL RD., LONDON, E.C.1 (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.)

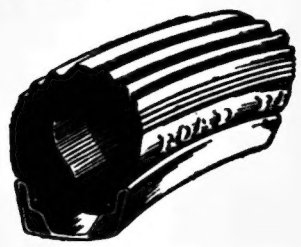
DUNLOP

The Fastest Sports Tyres in the World



DUNLOP SPEED
COVER 7/6 TUBE 3/-

A new production. A really fast tyre, similar to the well-known Road Racing but with a non-skid tread. Available in three colours: Translucent, Black or Red.



DUNLOP ROAD RACING
COVER 7/6 TUBE 3/-

Built for fast road work, this cover is unusually light and lively, yet of surprising strength. Made in three colours: Translucent, Black or Red.

DUNLOP SPORTS
COVER 5/11 TUBE 2/6

A fast and hard wearing cover which possesses an excellent non-skid tread. Made in Black or Red.

DUNLOP TANDEM
(Wide Section) Translucent
COVER 9/- TUBE 3/-

Undoubtedly the finest and best tyre equipment for tandems. A new non-skid tread is now available for the first time. Made also with a Ribbed tread.

COMFORT · on the longest run—

The latest!

H.39
(Provisionally patented)

anatomically shaped with special comfort-giving channel . . Price 12/6

2/H31 C.F.H

striding days . . refreshing ways

Gibbs Dentifrice
the ideal accompaniment

This is the windswept generation—out and away in Sun or Rain. Glorying in the joy of cleanness—of physical well-being and fitness—knowing how health and the joy of living depend upon sound, clean teeth. The moderns of today choose Gibbs Dentifrice because they revel in the delicious refreshment it affords teeth and mouth. They appreciate too, the compactness of the neatly modern Gibbs Dentifrice tablet in its dainty case—so convenient for packing and carrying. Gibbs Dentifrice cleans teeth thoroughly, polishes them perfectly, and leaves the teeth sound, white and sparkling.

Buy a case of Gibbs Dentifrice today. Popular size 7½d; Large size 1/-; De Luxe 1/6; Refills 11d.
Gibbs Dental Cream: Tubes 6d and 1/-.

Your teeth are Ivory Castles—defend them with

Gibbs Dentifrice

BRITISH MADE

SEND THIS COUPON FOR GIBBS TRIAL BOX

CONTENTS OF GIBBS TRIAL BOXES

LADIES': Gibbs Dentifrice, Dental Cream, Shampoo Powder, Cold Cream Soap and Cold Cream Foam (*Vanishing Cream*)

GENTLEMEN'S: Gibbs Dentifrice, Dental Cream, Shaving Cream, Shaving Stick and Cold Cream Soap

Gibbs dainty Trial Box, containing 8 useful sized samples, is specially made up to acquaint you with the excellence of Gibbs Toilet Preparations. Send 6d in Stamps or P.O. for each box required, under cover of sealed envelope to:—
D. & W. Gibbs Ltd., (Dept. 28 V.), London, E.1.

Please send me.....Ladies' ..... Gent's Trial Boxes.

Name.....

Address.....

PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS GD2S

£1,300
Awarded in "John Bull's" Crossword Competition No. 154.

In the above contest, correct solutions were received from the following two competitors, who share the £1,250 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £625 will be despatched:—

Miss M. O'Neill, Cloonlara House, Swinford, Co. Mayo, Ireland.
M. Rhys, Redbrook, Monmouth.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize, must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, March 22nd, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £50 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 21 competitors, from whom we received solutions containing one error and who each receive £2 7s. 8d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

Another Splendid X-Word with a First Prize of a Life Pension of £3 a week and £50 to be divided between the runners-up, appears on Page 40. Try Your Skill Now!

£100 WON OUTRIGHT IN "JOHN BULL'S" RADIO CONTEST No. 8

No coupon received in this contest contained the key numbers of all six Records in the order decided by the Expert Committee, i.e.:—

3 8 7 5 2 9

The competitor whose selection proceeded furthest down this list in agreement with the Experts' order placed the first five Records correctly. Accordingly, the prize of £100 has been awarded to:—

Mr. G. Mackern, 32, Colsherne Court, London, S.W.5

The Award of £25 for Runners-up will be shared by the following seven competitors with the first four Records correctly placed:—

P. Amos, 38, St. Dunstans, Canterbury; R. J. W. Bellchambers, 16, Bull St., Harborne, Birmingham; Miss G. Dowell, The Beeches, Prestatyn; A. Parsons, 306, Queens Rd., Portsmouth; A. L. W. Scott, 17, Davis Terr., Langwith Junction, Mansfield; W. Thomson, 2, Murano Place, Edinburgh; E. Wilkinson, 41, East End, Redruth, Cornwall.

Prizes will be despatched on March 16th.

Printed and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS LTD., Long Acre, London, W.C.2, England. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Post free, Inland and Canada, 13s. per annum; all other parts of the world 15s. 2d. per annum. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for the Colonies: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., Australia & New Zealand. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A. Also on sale at W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd.'s Bookshops at 73, Marche-aux-Herbes, Bruxelles, and 246, Rue de Rivoli, Paris, and Messageries Dawson, 13, Rue Albouy, Paris.